MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

JANUARY ON THE FARM.

The year has ended with a somewhat extraordinary month. It is seldom that we come to Christmas or New Year's with so open and pleasant a December as that we have just left behind us, with the ground bare and with so little snow. In some respects it is a matter of congratulation, and yet in general we like to have the land covered with a good blanket of snow, and to go into the winter with the grass covered and protected. It is better for the grass, better for the public roads, and better for teaming wood for fuel or for lumber.

There is not much driving work out doors, and yet there is no need of being idle. The orchards may still be trimmed, the old branches taken away, and old and decayed trees cut down close to the ground, improving not only the appearance of the place, but the thrift and productiveness of the orchard itself. In fact it is a capital time to lay up firewood for the year, and while doing so have an eye to improving the place.

As to the management of woodland, which is necessarily involved in this business of supplying the woodpile, there is a difference of opinion among practical men, as to how the growing wood should be treated. Some say cut clean as you go, taking everything, and then leave the land to grow up again, while others believe in thinning out, cutting away the undergrowth, the birches &c., and trimming up the larger trees, the pines and other larger growth. We are inclined to think there is no general rule that will apply in all cases, and that it must be and remain very much a matter of judgment after all. With a wood lot which has arrived at its full growth, say of twenty or twenty-five years, according to strength and quality of soil, we suppose it would be economy to cut clean and leave the land to grow up to wood again. Especially is this the case with chestnut and similar woods, which sprout up readily from the stumps. But with a younger growth, into which it may be necessary to go for want of something else, we should prefer to thin out and give room for the remaining trees to grow, by letting in the sun and air. In many lots there are young birches and other kinds of rapidly growing trees which seem to choke up the larger growth. These might as well come out and be prepared for the fire. But where a lot of sprout land or pasture land is coming up to birches we would let them grow till they had attained good size. Birch growth is profitable. It makes capital firewood, while it makes wood so rapidly as to pay a good interest on the land. We think a good deal of a thrifty birch lot. It is only where birches are coming up among other wood, and interfering with its thrifty and healthful growth, that we would thin it out and keep it down.

It is slow work to make firewood of alders, and yet many farmers have a plenty of them growing around the edges of meadows and in swamps, that are worthless, so far as any profit on their growth is concerned, and that ought to be cut away. Now that the ground is frozen and firm they can be got at more readily than at any other season of the year. Many pastures are suffering also from the encroachment of alders and other shrubs. Now would it not be worth while, slow and tedious as it is to sweep off these shrubs and chop them up into kindling wood?—For a light kitchen fire in summer they serve a very good purpose, and as a kindling wood, at any season of the year, when cut short and fine and dried, they are very handy. They might also be called invaluable for these purposes. The dwellers in cities have to pay thirty cents a basket for just this very stuff, alders and small birches and other brushwood, cut into pieces of four inches long. It is often sold in large quantities, under the name of granular fuel, and is the best and perhaps the most economical kindling wood that we can use. Now every farmer has large quantities of this material about his farm, and in many cases it would be a positive improvement to clear it up. This, with the necessary trimming up of old orchards, will furnish a large quantity of firewood, and now is the time to secure it.

The care of stock, of course, will occupy a considerable part of our time and thought. Every animal should receive special attention. Enough to eat and protection from cold is what the cattle want. Oxen and cows should not only be well protected and regularly fed, but carded often. Poor oxen and poor cows are a disgrace to any farmer. Better not keep any, if they must come out in spring with little more than skin and bones.

Don't fail now to go over all accounts, so as to begin the new year with a full and clear statement of all debts and dues. If it is practicable, square up running accounts, pay debts and begin on the cash principle. Debt, to an honest man, is like a millstone around his neck, and though it may not always be possible to avoid it, it is always possible to keep the run of it, and to let the creditor know that it is not forgotten and that in time it shall be paid.

Plan the operations for the coming year. There is now time to think and read and study. The evenings are long and if the mind is occupied, the eyes will be open. Through the summer months the system is wearied and worn by work, so that it is often difficult to apply the mind to study and reading. This with many farmers is almost unavoidable, however much it may be regretted. But it is not necessarily so now. The hours of winter fly on speedy wings. Lose no opportunity to improve them. It should be the aim of every man, while he gets his living, to develop himself to the fullest extent, and good books are aids to this end. They suggest food for thought.

Don't forget to attend the Farmer's Club. That is one important source of improvement. Take part in the discussions and try to do your part.

Speaking of accounts, now is the time to begin a more careful system to be followed up through the next twelve months. We sincerely wish everybody a Happy New Year

WINTERING APPLES.

Probably the farmers of this country never put so large a stock of apples into their cellars as they have this fall, and the complaint is quite general that the fruit is rotting badly. Apples are too valuable for both man and beast to be lost for the want of proper care, and a few suggestions as to the means for their preservation may be timely.

In the first place they should be sorted closely. A bruised apple is very liable to decay. If the bruise seems to be only skin-deep still some of the cells are broken and the exuding liquids must either be absorbed, pass off into the air, or ferment, and fermentation is the first process of decomposition, which, when once commenced is likely to corrupt the whole mass. It is "like leaven which a woman hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened." We know from long experience that it is exceedingly difficult to get men to pick apples with sufficient care. It is a slow and tiresome business and the temptation is great to give the limbs a shake rather than climb to their extremities and pick the fruit. If the apples fall on grass without striking upon other limbs in their descent, the bruises appear slight at first, and very commonly escape the notice of the picker. They may dry up, but more generally, if packed in a barrel and placed in a warm cellar, they ferment and scatter the seeds of fermentation not only through the whole apple but through the whole barrel, and one rotten apple does more damage in a barrel than does a black sheep in a flock. This year, apples were so abundant and cheap that pickers were more careless than usual, and hence the unusual decay. In all cases where there is a tendency to rot it pays to resort the apples. Those bruised and specked can be dried, made into sauce, or fed to stock, and the sound fruit should be wiped and repacked.

If the apples are worth the trouble they can be packed in plaster, (gypsum) and kept an indefinite length of time. This absorbs all moisture, keeps out the air, preserves the flavor, and makes a uniform temperature. Apples will stand a low degree of cold, provided the change from cold to heat is gradual. It is the sudden expansion and contraction by heat and cold that breaks the cellular structure of the fruit and causes decomposition. The same is the case with the cells of flesh. If a finger is frozen, the frost does much less damage when the finger is plunged into cold water than when thawed out by fire. We have eaten Roxbury Russetts which were crisp and well flavored after they had been preserved in plaster for two years. It takes but little plaster for a barrel of apples, a half bushel being ample unless the apples are large, and it need not be put in as the apples are packed, but when the barrel is nearly full put the plaster on top and shake it down. It will fill up every interstice, and we can thus get more apples into a barrel than when we put in alternate layers of plaster and apples. When the barrel is full sprinkle a layer of plaster on top, head up tight, and keep in a cool place. For long keeping the barrel itself needs to be good, as nearly air-tight as possible.

In place of plaster, many use dry sand; and this is an excellent preserver of apples, but is not quite so impervious to air as plaster. Dry chaff is also an excellent material in which to preserve apples, and so are dry pine leaves. The southern planters formerly used chaff for preserving the sweet potatoes which they wished to keep through the winter, but now find dry pine leaves a better preservative. Paper is one of the best non-conductors of heat and air, and it pays to wrap nice apples, just as oranges are wrapped for shipment, and for this purpose old newspapers serve as well as tissue paper, certainly for home consumption. If the fruit is designed for market, it is better to wrap with clean white printing paper. However apples are packed, it is essential that they should be kept in a cool room. They will stand a much lower degree of temperature without injury than is commonly supposed.

This leads us to say that one of the best methods of preserving apples through the winter is to bury them in the ground. Some stack them in pits, but a better mode is to put them in barrels and bury barrels and all horizontally in a dry sandy or gravelly soil, where there is no danger of an accumulation of water. The trench for this purpose need not be over two and a half feet deep, but the cover of earth should be roof shaped, so as to shed rain, and should extend on either side a little beyond the width of the trench. The only objection to wintering apples in this mode is that they will not keep long after being dug out in the spring.

GEESE AND DUCKS.

[Chicago Times.]

There are many locations where large flocks of geese and ducks may be bred to most excellent advantage. A good place for keeping water fowl is seldom a good place for anything else. A creek bottom or the ponds of a lake or artificial pond is wonderfully well adapted for keeping water fowls. It is true that ducks and geese may be raised where there is no water in which they can swim, but they do not do as well as where they have the advantage of a lake, stream, or creek. As wild water fowl disappear from the market the demand for domesticated birds will increase. At present, choice, young, live geese bring large prices. As improved varieties of ducks and geese become common there will be a demand for them by epicures. Ducks are profitable to keep for their eggs alone. Their feathers are valuable, while their flesh is excellent. With good advantages by way of water there is hardly any limit to the number of geese and ducks that one person can keep.

Questions & Answers.

PASTURE LAND—ENGLISH HAY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please answer in the *Ploughman* the question, "Whether it is profitable to pasture land worth $20 per acre which can be cultivated—and whether it is profitable to feed English hay?"

N. L. C.

Holliston, Mass., Dec. 26th, 1878.

We should be inclined to answer both questions in the affirmative. Grass and hay are the prime necessities of our climate and methods of farming. We believe in the economy of paying greater attention to our grass lands, and of giving them a larger share of manures in the shape of top dressing, etc., than they usually receive. Most of our good and productive pastures are intrinsically worth the price you name, whether they will bring it or not. The question of profit depends chiefly upon the management and skill of the individual farmer, the kind of stock that is kept and fed, the uses to which it is put and the judgment exercised in purchases and sales. We could name many farmers who feed out English hay at a profit, while others may fall short of it, but as a general proposition there can be no hesitation in assuming the affirmative and going ahead. If a man cannot feed English hay at a profit, thirty miles from Boston, we should almost say that he had better not try to feed stock at all.—[ED.

"CELERY."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I see an article in this week's *Ploughman* headed "Celery," on which I wish to make a slight correction.

Forty years ago there were raised in Arlington and Belmont from 25 to 30 acres of celery. To-day in the same towns are raised at least 250 acres, which is about one-half the amount raised for Boston market, making the total 500 acres, or 3,000,000 roots, and if the writer of that article has no grey hairs he must color his hair or wear a wig, as it is over 50 years since there was an acre of celery in this town and he must be over 60 years of age. Thinking you would like to know the facts by some one who is a celery grower, (as I raise 10 acres myself) I write you these few lines.

AN ARLINGTON SUBSCRIBER.

Arlington, Mass., Dec 29th, 1878.

LARGE PIGS.

A correspondent from Methuen, Mass., sends us the following:—Mr. E. P. Reynolds slaughtered three hogs in November, weight as follows: 608, 599, 590 pounds. Mr. Charles Richardson purchased a *pig* of him the 15th of April, 6 weeks old, and slaughtered it the 25th of December, weighing dressed, 400 pounds.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

OFFICE OF STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE,
BOSTON, December 21, 1878.

Sir:—The Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture desires information upon the condition of Sheep Husbandry in this State and proposes the following questions, to which you are requested to return an answer as fully as possible on or before January 15, 1879, to Chas. L. Flint, Secretary State Board of Agriculture, Boston, Mass.

It is hoped that these questions will be answered by some of those who breed or feed sheep, and that they will join in this effort to increase this most profitable branch of farming.

1. How many Sheep have you?
2. Of what breed are they?
3. What is the cost of summering, including pasturing, washing, shearing, &c.?
4. How are your fattening Sheep fed?
5. How do you feed your store Sheep or Ewes?
6. At what time do you prefer to have your Lambs dropped, and why?
7. How do you feed your Lambs for market?
8. At what age do your Lambs go to market?
9. What is the average value of your Ewes?
10. What price do your Lambs fetch?
11. What do you estimate the cost of keeping your store Sheep or Ewes through the winter?
12. What is the cost of feeding the Lambs?
13. When do you send your fat Sheep to market?
14. What gross sum do they average you?
15. Has the destruction of Sheep by Dogs prevented Sheep-raising, and to what extent?
16. What cause is there, except the ravages of Dogs among flocks, why the keeping of Sheep should not be general and profitable?
17. Can you suggest any amendments or provisions for the "Dog Law" that can be made effective and that would be likely to pass?

JAMES S. GRINNELL,
JOHN E. MERRILL,
ARTHUR A. SMITH,
Committee of the Board of Agriculture.

CLUB-ROOT IN CABBAGE.

[Vick's Magazine.]

A great many theories have been promulgated regarding the cause of clubbing in the Cabbage tribe. Some time since, as the disease was very destructive in Russia, M. Woronin was instructed by that government to undertake an investigation of the cause, and, if possible, ascertain a cure. His report was made before the Natural History Society of St. Petersburg, in which it was shown that the cause of the disease was a parasitic fungus. The practical results which M. Woronin deduces from his observations are as follows:

The absolute extirpation of the disease appears to be impossible, since any remedy which might be useful is quite as likely to kill the plant as the parasite. The following suggestions are, however, offered with a view to limiting its effects:

1. The principal means of at least alleviating the disease is to burn everything which is likely to propagate it, and as it has been proved that it can be propagated by the spores, our duty in this matter is plain. Old plants thus affected are often allowed to lie about in the spring, but they should be carefully cleared from the ground and immediately burnt.

2. A careful selection of plants from the seed-bed should be made, and none used which are not perfectly clear. It has been usual under such circumstances merely to pinch off the affected rootlets, but this is not sufficient, as the disease may exist in other rootlets, which are apparently free.

3. A well-considered rotation of crops should be adopted. It is suggested that the ground should not be used a second time for Cabbage worts till after the lapse of two years.

☞ For a long time the raising of tobacco has been prohibited in Great Britain in order to enable the government to realize the greatest amount of revenue from it. It is now proposed to allow it to be cultivated in order to give employment to the people who are out of work.

A CHAPTER ON CABBAGES.

[Vick's Magazine for January.]

The growing of Cabbages for market has long been an important branch of market gardening in the vicinity of New York, and perhaps there is no vegetable of so much importance to market-gardeners everywhere, and, excepting the potato, none so universally grown in private gardens as this. The writer of this well remembers when comparatively little was done in market-gardening in the vicinity of New York, and from a very small beginning, has seen this business assume gigantic proportions. About thirty years ago all the garden produce brought to Washington Market was sold on the Vesey Street side thereof and in the immediate vicinity. Since then *West* Washington Market has been added, but the accommodations there availed only for a short time. Rapidly the business has increased from a few growers at the upper end of the city, and across the Hudson where Jersey city now stands, until the accommodations of the market proper are a mere nothing, and almost any day, or rather night, in summer, between one and six A. M., may be seen hundreds upon hundreds of market wagons, with their vegetables, drawn up in line on either side of the main avenue from Courtlandt Street to Canal Street, and upon every cross street from the river to Broadway.

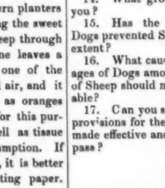
Early in June the first Cabbages come in, and some hundreds of thousands of heads are brought every day; and from this time on until long into the winter this vegetable takes the lead of all others. Large wagons with immense loads neatly arranged commence to arrive early in the evening, about the time the down-town wholesale mercantile business is over for the day, and continue to arrive until midnight, soon after which grocers, retail market-men, and peddlers drive in for their supplies, and when day fairly dawns business is lively; but by seven A. M. the streets are given up to the general business—not a market wagon can be seen, and one would hardly realize that but a few hours before miles of thoroughfare had been a vast wholesale market. Besides what are sold to retailers in New York and the neighboring cities, Brooklyn and Jersey City, great numbers are placed in the hands of wholesale dealers, who ship them to the interior cities and manufacturing villages. Especially is this the case with the earlier varieties, and the wonder is that the farmers and owners of small parcels of land near these smaller, yet important markets, do not pay more attention to market-gardening, and especially to Cabbage culture, because the latter crop is easy to grow, and when the product is not in active demand for the market it can be shipped to other places, and moreover it has a considerable value as food for stock, and in the event of a glut in the market can be used in that way to great advantage.

Presuming that some of your readers may see in this branch an opportunity to increase their revenue, I will say that to give minute instructions for Cabbage culture would occupy too much of your valuable space, and as the works of the present day on gardening give the *modus operandi* in detail, and also complete instructions for growing all vegetable crops, I will only give a few general hints, and then more fully describe the varieties in favor with market gardeners—especially those on Long Island, the great natural garden of New York.

Let the seed be good—such as will not only germinate, but having produced plants, every plant, or nearly every one, will produce a *perfect* head. Remember that poor seed is dear as a gift, and be sure to get *the best*, regardless of cost. 2nd. The soil should be a deep retentive loam, neither very light nor extremely heavy, which must be thoroughly worked and made rich by liberal applications of fertilizing materials. German Potash Salts (12 to 15 per cent. actual potash,) has proved to be most excellent for Cabbage, especially on old land, applied at the rate of one-half a ton to the acre and *ploughed in*. It is not expensive, and I mention it here because it is not generally recommended in works on gardening, but is now extensively used on Long Island in connection with the usual fertilizers. The varieties of Cabbage are numerous though there are but few in general favor, and some of the old standard sorts are fast being superseded by new ones, or rather, by those which have until recently been confined to certain localities.

"TRUE" JERSEY EARLY WAKEFIELD.

This variety was first grown in this country nearly forty years ago by Francis Brill, then a market-gardener at Jersey City, N. J. It was from England originally. Seed having been grown for several years from the same stock by the fine market-gardeners who rented the Van Vorst property, and by reason of having been grown in too close proximity to other sorts it became somewhat mixed. For the purpose of renewing the stock a fresh supply of seed was ordered from England; but this proved to be wrong, and notwithstanding repeated efforts and always receiving seed labelled "Early Wakefield," they were never able to procure the



genuine article again. These gardeners and others to whom they furnished seed, finding they could not *renew* the stock, set about to *renovate* it, and by presistent effort it has been brought back nearly to the original type, but to this day it sometimes loses its *conical* shape and produces a proportion of *round* heads.

Although this variety has been grown in this country by a great many market gardeners, and has with them always been, and is still, the great favorite, yet it is only a few years since it was generally disseminated, and it is now sold under the name of "*Jersey* Early Wakefield." There is much seed sold under the name of "Early Wakefield" which is spurious and absolutely worthless, not only imported, but some grown in this country by men claiming to be seed-growers who do not know one variety of early Cabbage from another. The "True" Jersey Early Wakefield is quite dwarf, having a very short stalk and but few superfluous leaves, but producing fine large heads, the true form of which is conical, but tapering very gradually and hence they stand out very prominent and showy. It is positively the earliest variety known which produces what may be termed a *head* of any respectable size. The plants may be grown in a hot bed in the spring, or kept over winter in cold frames; it is also becoming very popular for out-door fall planting at the South, and in fact is gaining popularity wherever known. Many have had the spurious Wakefield, and hence have condemned it, not knowing the merits of the true variety.

"NEWARK" EARLY FLAT DUTCH.

This variety originated several years ago with the late John Brill, then a market gardener of Newark, N. J., and is the result of an intentional cross of the "Early Ox Heart" and "Large Flat Dutch," with a view to getting a variety combining size and sure heading qualities to follow the Wakefield in season. It has long been a favorite *second early* sort with the market gardeners of New Jersey and Long Island, and is becoming very popular wherever introduced. It does not answer for wintering over in cold frames unless the plants are kept very small, as otherwise they are liable to run to seed when transplanted in the spring; but when sown in a hot bed or open ground in the spring it is a sure header. The heads are large, solid, broad and roundish or nearly flat, sometimes slightly conical. Besides

being excellent for market in summer, it is admirably adapted as a winter sort for private gardens. It is very tender, fine grained, and of excellent flavor.

"HENDERSON'S" EARLY SUMMER.

Somewhat recently introduced to the public, having been grown for many years by one of the leading Long Island market gardeners. It closely follows the Wakefield in season, and is already a favorite second

early variety. In many respects it closely resembles the "Newark" Early Flat Dutch, the general characteristics being the same, but rather more uniformly flat. It is also well suited for fall and winter use, excellent in quality, and will stand long after being marketable without bursting

"EXCELSIOR" LARGE FLAT DUTCH.

This variety has been for many years in the hands of a few market gardeners, but lately has been pretty generally disseminated. It is a distinct strain of the Large Flat Dutch, and the prefix "Excelsior" has been given it to distinguish it from other grades in that line. The heads are large, flat and solid, with a comparatively few outer leaves, thus adapting it for closer planting than any other large growing variety. It is adapted for keeping plants over winter in cold-frames, coming in soon after

the "Newark" Early Flat Dutch, and can be grown as a summer, fall or winter variety. It is a great favorite with all who have grown it, especially so with southern gardeners, as it does not seem to be affected by heat as much as other large sorts. The foliage is a bright, clear, glossy green, and it has been designated in the past as the "light colored" Flat Dutch. This is a very sure header, and has a combination of good qualities not possessed by any other large growing variety.

FOTTLER'S IMPROVED BRUNSWICK.

This is a comparatively new variety, although by having been early brought to the attention of seedsmen, rather than having been kept in the hands of market-gardeners, it has been more generally disseminated than some of those named above, and is quite

popular. It is in many respects very similar to the "Excelsior" Large Flat Dutch, being the same in color, form and season, but does not run quite so uniformly *large*, and has rather more superfluous leaves. It is worthy of a trial, especially as a summer or early fall variety.

"PERFECTION" DRUMHEAD SAVOY.

There is no Cabbage equal to the Savoys in flavor, and from being popular in the private garden they are gaining popularity in the market. There are many sub-varieties, among which the "Drumhead Savoy" has long been a favorite, and has of late years been so materially improved as to be entitled to the profix of "Perfection." The heads

are large, solid, and very finely curled. It has a short stalk, is a compact grower, and will keep better than any other variety. Long Island market-gardeners now grow them quite extensively.

There are other varieties having some reputation among us, but I have given six of the favorites, and any one growing them can have Cabbages for market or family use nearly the year round.

KEEPING BEES FOR PLEASURE.

[Western Rural.]

We often hear of people keeping bees for pleasure, and it always signifies that those who do it are not only people of a greater or less degree of cultured taste, but that the apiary is really one of the fine arts. Whether it is appreciated as such or not, it is just of that character. When we take into consideration the habits and artistic design of the little busy bee it is no longer a wonder that its characteristics have been woven into verse, and that the scientist and artist and poet have loved to study those habits and have been free to admire its ingenuity. Believing, therefore, that we cannot cultivate refined taste too much, the business of bee keeping becomes more valuable as we view it in this light. We frequently refer, the reader is aware, to those branches of farm industry which soften and elevate, and for the reason that they do soften and elevate recommend them most heartily. While the apiary can be made pecuniarily profitable, it must always be remembered that money is not the only profit in this world, but that whatever makes us better, more industrious, frugal and nobler, is profitable, if it never returns us a penny. Bee keeping we believe to be of this character, if it is properly studied.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER VI.

BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

Special Correspondence of the Mass. Ploughman.

LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

It is now 1.30 P. M., Thursday, April 25, and we are in the row-boat with our two oarsmen, starting from the shore of the *upper lake*, which is the smallest of the three; a sheet of water two and one-half miles long, three-fourths of a mile wide, and covering 430 acres, being about two-thirds as large as the middle, and only a little more than a twelfth as large as the lower one. Next, I say a thing which I would not of choice say, and it is, that in most instances where the imagination has free play, realities do not fulfil anticipations. The fulsome and unqualified praises which have been bestowed on these really beautiful and justly celebrated lakes, inclines one to expect too much, and to overestimate their sublimity, if not beauty. The element of sublimity so ever present on the lakes of Scotland, is here considerably lacking; there is, however, a cleanliness of the remarkably irregular outline of their shores, and a nice decoration of the same, made by its varying tinted and luxuriant vegetation, that largely compensates for a lack of vast boldness, and of great and precipitous rocky walls; and enough mountain views are in the not far distance to give the scenery a bold and majestic appearance, at times even grand in general effect, and the heavy near woodlands, and here and there a nigh rugged craggy cliff, as at the "*eagle's nest*," combine to produce a charm and atmosphere not found about ordinary lakes; but it must be in justice said, that Lake George, and parts of Winnepisseogee of America are their equals. The upper lake, and at its upper end, contains twelve islands, which in the aggregate cover six acres; none of them, however, contain more than one acre, and some of them less than a quarter of one. McCarthy's is the first one reached. Arbutus is another, and the largest in the lake. It takes its name from the shrub, botanically called "*arbutus unendo*." The leaves are a glossy green, and so arranged at the ends of the branches, that the waxen flesh-like blossoms as they hang in graceful racemes, or at length the crimson strawberry-like fruit, seems embraced by a mantle of the richest verdure. All the islands abound in ivy, and the rocks and trees are often thoroughly bedecked with it. This lake is surely the finest of the three, and is so mainly from the fact of its having the islands named, and the great irregularity of the shore, embellished by the beautiful accompanying foliage, and also by being more immediately in the vicinity of the highlands, it has considerable of stern mountain effect and grandeur. From some points of view this nice little sheet of water appears to be entirely land locked. Towards the lower end it becomes narrow, and is a strip of water some half a mile long, and this is called *Newfoundland Bay*, and on from this, is the yet narrow strip varying from thirty feet to one hundred feet wide, and two miles long, which is the connecting part with the middle lake. To add a fascination, and intensify the interest of the tourist, every rock of respectable dimensions, and every island or cove, has its high sounding name, for we pass Coleman's Eye; the Man of War; the Four Friends, etc.

THE EAGLE'S NEST

is a craggy pyramidial formation 700 feet above the water, in the rugged clefts of which the eagle builds its eyrie. The young birds are taken from the nest between the middle of June and the first of July, and the rocks are so steep and precipitous that the nests are reached only by ropes let down from above.

The echoes from this and the surrounding rocks are very fine, and as they are awakened, we hear them grandly repeated from mountain to mountain, ever continued, and passed on with a clearly perceptible interval, till they become weaker and weaker by their long rough travel, and they grow fainter and feebler, till at last in some unknown, and as it were infinitely distant cavern or glen, they die, or melt away and are lost in the great realm of seeming nothingness from whence they came.

Continuing on, we reach a fairy-like place, the "*Meeting of Waters*," where our river, arriving at middle lake, glides to the left hand around the end of *Dinish Island*, which reaches from, and is bounded by, this and the lower lake; and now we are at the very ancient *old weir bridge*, very antiquated, consisting of two unequal arches, and through which the water rushes with great earnestness and force. The boatmen do nothing but guide the boat, and it is a moment of intense interest to the novice, for the boat dashes through under one of the arches, and we are as soon in the middle, or as it in called, the

MUCROSS OR TORC

lake. This contains 680 acres, or forty more than a square mile. The principal islands are the *Dinish* and the *Brickeen*, and these are in fact the side and end walls, or the separation or dividing barrier between it and the lower lake. There are three passages between them. This lake is quite oblong, is narrow; and in a line nearly straight across, but somewhat diagonally we pass to the high gothic single arched bridge to the lower lake. *Bricken* contains 19 acres, and is some twenty or more feet up from the lake, and well wooded. *Dinish* is alike well wooded. It contains 34 acres, and is a sort of watering place; has a small, rough, rustic stone wharf, a cottage hotel and pleasure grounds, and by making previous arrangements at the hotel, dinner may be had. Our provident hostess, having an eye to our comfort and another to her income, had sent by the oarsmen a basket of luncheon, and on being presented to us, we shared with them, and thus dined on the lake itself, and not on the shore of it. Of the beauty of Torc lake much may be said. It has a charm and identity peculiarly its own. Shut in on all sides with a considerably uniform wall work of the islands before named, it is really an immense pool of placid, clear water, in which the overhanging shrubbery is finely reflected, and the air of repose and quiet beauty which prevails makes it of the highest interest to persons of a retiring nature and to whom the vastness of mountain scenery does not so pleasantly appeal. We now pass under the great gothic arch of Bricken bridge, and are in

LAUGH LEAN,

or the lower lake. It has an area of 5000 acres, being five miles long, and three wide, with a very irregular shore, comprising, high and low lands, coves and inlets, a few mountain recesses, and a great variety of pleasing scenery. Its islands are thirty in number, but few of which however are more than an acre in extent. The largest is Rabbit Island of more than twelve acres, and Innisfallen of twenty-one acres. Many of them have a fancied resemblance to particular things, and so are named Lamb, Elephant, Gun, Horse, Crow, Heron, Stag, &c., as the case may be. The chief beauty of this great sheet of water is it's unusually placid surface, the mountains bordering it on the south and west, and its unlikeness to either of the others, in its low lands and farm-like, or mansion estates stretching off to the north and east. It abounds, as before intimated, in quiet nooks, and bays and inlets breaking its margin, and the barren, rocks here contrast finely with the verdure and finish of the shore. Sir Walter Scott has given a magic charm to Loch Katrine by reciting its legends, but had he been so disposed, he could have given a like halo to these, for legends of O'Donoghue and of the McCarthys abound, and supply such materials of the kind as few counties can boast of. As a sample I quote but one.

LEGEND.

"Once in seven years, on a fine morning, before the sun's rays have begun to disperse the mist from the bosom of the lake, O'Donoghue comes riding over it on an elegant snow-white horse, with fairies hovering about him, and strewing his path with flowers. As he approaches his ancient residence everything resolves itself into its original condition, and former magnificence; the castle itself, banquet halls, library, his prison, and his pigeon house, are as they were in the olden time. Any one who desires, and is courageous enough to follow him over the lake may cross even the deepest parts dry-footed, and ride with him into the caves of the adjoining mountains where his treasures are deposited and concealed; and the daring visitor will receive a liberal gift for his company and venture, but before the sun has arisen, and in the early twilight, O'Donoghue recrosses the water, and vanishes amid the ruins of the castle, to be seen no more till the next seven years have expired."

The part of the lake first entered is called *Glena Bay*, and as the opposite shore, some three miles away, is low, the distant surface of the lake seems to melt into, and as it were become part of the horizon, giving an effect and impression not made by either of the lakes. Here on the little bay's shore is the picturesque cottage of *Lady Kenmare*, and in the woods and highlands which for a couple and more miles bound the western shore or the lake, are red deer, and the place was once a famous hunting ground for this animal. We pursue our course, not stopping at O'Sullivan's Cascade, said to be a fine waterfall consisting of three cascades, back a short distance in the forest, nor do we go over to the

INNISFALLEN ISLAND,

though it is distant two miles to our left and in full view. I stop here, however to say that it is remarkably interesting on account of historical associations. Of all the islands of the lakes it is the most picturesque and beautiful. It contains glades and lawns, with thickets of flowering shrubs and evergreens, with an abundance of Arbutus and Hollies of great size and beauty; and also has oak and ash trees of magnificent foliage and growth. It contains about twenty-one acres, and commands one of the most desirable and lovely views of the entire lake, and surrounding mountain scenery. The most interesting object on it however, is the fine ruin of the ancient abby founded AD. 600, by St. Finian. In this celebrated place the strange and interesting "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed. They contain fragments of Old Testament, and a compendious, though not very valuable annual history down to the time of St. Patrick, and a more perfect history of Ireland down to the 14th century. The originals, written more than 500 years ago are now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, Eng. A complete translation of this valuable work has been repeatedly attempted, but never far enough advanced to issue from the press. They are an especial record of Munster, but are filled with a rather dry record of great crimes and their punishment; wars, lists of abbots, princes and clergy, and elaborate accounts of the disputes, and generally violent deaths of the ancient kings of Kerry. They record, that in 1180,—nearly 700 years ago,—the abbey was the place of securest deposit, for all the gold and silver, and the rare and rich goods of the country; that it was plundered by Mildwin, son of Daniel O'Donoghue, as was also the Church of Ardfert, and that many persons were slain in the very cemetery of the McCarthy's; and now in parting, the temptation is great and resistless to quote the lines of Moore relating to this renowned and truly beautiful place:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art, let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

We next pass on towards our place of landing, as before us and not far off is Ross island, as it is called, situated on the eastern shore of the lake; not really an island, but a peninsula, which at times of high water is difficult to reach without crossing a bridge. The place has a finished look, having fine lawns and many well kept avenues and walks. In 1804 a copper mine was opened on it, and for a time afforded a large quantity of rich ore. Croker asserts, that during the four years it was worked $400,000 worth of ore was disposed of at Swansea, at a valuation of $200 per ton, and he informs us that "several small veins of pure oxide of copper split off the main lode and ran towards the surface; the ore of these veins was much more valuable than the other, and consequently the miners (who were paid by the quality as well as quantity) pursued the smaller veins so near the surface, that water broke through into the mine in such an overwhelming degree, that an engine of thirty horse power could make no impression on the inundation." The work was from then abandoned. No doubt exists that these mines had been worked in times of antiquity; perhaps by the Danes, for while working the mine from 1804, rude stone hammers were found and other unequivocal proofs of pre occupation, and at a very ancient time.

THE ROSS CASTLE

itself, is a very commanding and conspicuous object as seen, standing isolated, on comparatively level land near the shore, and from almost any part of the lake. It is however, generally visited from the land, as it is but two miles from the town of Killarney. It is now in ruins, having a massive square tower and additional appendages of considerable size, and is of pleasing outline. The walls are in good preservation, and well decorated in parts with ivy, giving the whole ruin a most stately, yet romantic and picturesque effect. The grounds are well kept, and are open to the public, though a small optional fee is in order to the lass who comes out of her cottage home near by and unlocks for us the door of the great tower, and who with a not very glib tongue tells us what little she knows of its history. The castle was built by the O'Donoghues, and long occupied by that celebrated family. In 1652 it was well defended, and at the Revolution held out long against the English invaders, and was the last one of the lot in Munster to surrender. On the 26th of July of that year, Lord Muskerry, then holding a commission of colonel under the Irish, being hard pushed, occupied the castle, and defended himself there against Lord Ludlow; and it was not until he brought vessels (in history called ships) of war on the lake that the surrender was made. An old legend existed,—and legends were powerful for good or for ill,—that Ross castle was impregnable till ships of war attacked it, and when these were brought,—it may be to take advantage of the superstition,—when these were in view, the heart of the inmates of the fortress failed; they were paralyzed with a superstitious reverence and fear, and could not be induced to strike a blow. Lord Ludlow in his memoirs thus tells the story:

"We had received our boats,"—(these were probably the *ships*)—"each of which was capable of containing 120 men. I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing upon the enemy, which they perceiving, thought fit, by timely submission, to prevent the danger threatened them."

After the surrender 5000 of the Munster men laid down their arms and Lord Broghill, who had accompanied Ludlow, had granted him £1000 ($5000) yearly out of the estate of Lord Muskerry, the previous defender of the fort or castle.

We are now landed from our tour over the lakes, and having visited these justly celebrated ruins, are ready for a walk to occupy three-quarters of an hour to our hotel at Killarney. To say that we had enjoyed the day, even beyond our most sanguine anticipations, would not be too much, nor to over-color the picture. The ride of the morning through that, to us new, though sublimely old scenery; the ever fresh and pleasing emotions continually awakened; the romantic ride through the Gap of Dunloe; memories of mountains near us, and we near them; of Kate's cottage; of the Inferno-like look of the Black Valley; of the walk to the upper lake, and the fairy-like sail over it, and the others; not what we anticipated, but so fine and good as to make us feel that we had seen and felt enough, and then as at 6 P. M. the sun declined, and the fine mellow tones of its evening rays were thrown aslant the waters, we wended our way home; suppered, yet were not entirely content, but must make one more tour, and this time to Muckross Abby, but of that we will not tell now, but in our next.

Porcine.

PIG BREEDING.

[London Live Stock Journal.

The main elements in success in pig breeding and feeding are regularity in feeding, warmth, exercise and cleanliness. If these are carefully attended to the owner of "piggy" may look for a fair and speedy profit. In breeding, various means have been resorted to to secure large litters. By some it is contended

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1879.

The new City Government organizes on Monday next.

The meeting of the Legislature and the inauguration of Gov. Talbot are the local events of the week in this city.

There is the usual number of changes in business firms with the new year, and a good many removals have been made also.

There has been a thinning out of the force employed at the Custom House during the week, besides a reduction of salaries in several instances.

The Old Farmer's Almanack is now eighty-seven years old, which may be called a ripe old age.

The city paid its salaried officers in gold at the Treasury, on Tuesday. So that Boston resumes specie payments before the Government does.

The annual midnight watch was kept in many of the churches of this city, prayers being made and hymns sung as the Old Year went out and the New one came in.

A general review of the state of trade at the end of the year shows that the country is now ready to enter on a fresh career of activity and prosperity.

One of the ships of the Swedish polar expedition is reported to be blocked in the ice off East Cape, in the Arctic Ocean, and a relief expedition is projected, to reach there by next summer.

The friends and admirers of the late Minister Bayard Taylor propose to assemble in Tremont Temple on the 10th inst., in the evening, to unite in an appropriate expression of esteem for the one they would thus remember and honor.

Hard times continue to prevail in England as severely as ever, if not more so. There is wide distress among the lower classes. The failures among business firms are likewise increasing.

— A number of headstones have been discovered by the Superintendent of Copp's Hill Burying Ground, which are not mentioned in a catalogue recently made. They were found in opening an old tomb.

— In the death of Onslow Stearns, former Governor of New Hampshire, and one of the most active railroad men of New England, the community loses a member whose character and services it will require more than one man to replace.

1879.

Welcome to the New Year! It comes fresh, young and rosy, full of new hopes and promises, and an additional gift from Heaven to all. The prospects of the *Ploughman* were never better than they are at this moment. It will be on the alert to improve all the opportunities offered by the new year in the interest of its patrons and friends, and make a constant endeavor to earn fresh tributes of praise from its numerous readers. There are projects of various kinds in contemplation for increasing its interest and strengthening its influence, each one of which will be recognized and appreciated by the public as it is developed, without making separate mention of it. For this reason it is not necessary to make any special announcement of what is to come.

The agricultural journal speaks to a public that is much more profoundly interested in the improvements and discoveries that are intimately related to farming than it ever was before in this country. Hence it becomes necessary that it be more or less scientific, in the popular sense, that it present a body of weekly intelligence of the widest possible scope and variety, that it contain articles which bear not only the weight of truth but the stamp of authority, and that it be to its regular readers a living transcript and compendium of what is established and what is newly made known. Not less than this is the *Ploughman's* aim and object; it will do more if the opportunity is so given and the ability can be made to serve. Its motto is Advancement, and in seeking to realize it no labor or cost will be spared that can be made to contribute to the end desired. There is a vast deal yet to be done in the agricultural field, and the best paper is that which is already up and doing it.

A NEW YEAR.

To all subscribers, patrons, readers and friends the *Ploughman* offers the greeting of a Happy New Year! May it be filled with the riches of the realization of all high hopes and true endeavors. May it bring health and happiness to every one, pouring them out as from a cornucopia. May it strengthen the weak, encourage the faltering, open the eyes of the blind, and bind up the wounds and bruises of those whose conflicts with life have been severe and uncertain in their results. We all of us instinctively hope, standing on this higher ridge of time, that the prospect which stretches before us may prove to be as pleasant as it looks to the imagination, and that even the crosses and disappointments and failures which are inevitable to human experience may be so softened as to yield their customary fruits with the smallest possible hurt to the spirit that is forced to the encounter. The past year, it is universally believed, is the last one in the protracted series of those which constitute the era of depression in the business industries of the country. With the opening of another year we reach the resumption of specie payments, after an interval of seventeen years of irredeemable paper; and upon this fact, as upon rock bottom, are built calculations which are more likely than those for many a year past to result favorably. The community and the country enter on a new state of things financially, and that means in all other respects. The severe lessons of experience cannot have failed to sink deeply into the public mind, to give it a new direction, if not sounder and better views generally.

A fresh page now lies before every one of us, to write upon it what we will. It is true that circumstances are accountable for much of what we do or do not do, but after all it is the human will in the long run that is supreme. So that we are at liberty to take up our lives, each one of us, at this point, and begin them all over again, make them every whit fresh and new, reject what is worthless and receive only what is good. That is the more particular good which the turning point made by a new year brings with it. We are not to let an occasion like this pass without turning it to the best possible account. As we pause and look back to see who have turned their faces from us during the past year and gone into the silent realm whence no voices return to us, it is natural for us to ask ourselves the question if we are to be called hence before the year ends on which we have just set out. Who can tell how long his stay is to be here among friends and kindred? The reflection will prove a healthy and profitable one, if it awakens us to our best endeavor and incites us to undertake what has lain so long neglected. There is a new lease of happiness, too, in a new year, for which we are to seek with no less assiduity. Life is given us to enjoy as well as to improve with active service; and it is certain that there is no deeper and truer happiness than that which comes from a consciousness of duty done out of the promptings of a pure heart. It becomes us all to indulge in the more serious reflections which befit the time, and to form in secret those good resolutions, specific as well as general, which, when wrought out in public, lend a new lustre to the remainder of life and to the entire character.

RESUMPTION ACHIEVED.

After seventeen long years of experience with an irredeemable currency, involving all manner of uncertainties in business and an incalculable amount of waste in the processes of securing a subsistence, we have reached the resumption of specie payments with the New Year, to be permanently maintained, unless an unexpected combination of circumstances should be formed to undo what has been so far accomplished. The year 1879 therefore marks a new era, which we may all congratulate one another on having reached. Hereafter a dollar means one hundred cents. A paper dollar is to be worth as much as a gold one, being exchangable for the coin at the option of the holder. Prices have gone so low that they cannot go any lower, except from the taking off of the heavy duties on many imported goods. Stocks in merchant's hands are now expected to go up rather than the other way.

This tends to a rapid and easy restoration of confidence in business circles and the improvement of the prospect on every side. With an enlarged foreign market for our manufactured products, we are prepared to compete with the world on equal terms and on the basis of the world's currency. Resumption is the first long and decisive step towards the recovery of a prosperity that will put everything we have hitherto known in the background. We have as a people been through the era of wild and reckless speculation and extravagance, induced by a superabundant and degenerated currency, thinking we were growing rich when we were only growing poor; and now at last we emerge from these clouds and this chaos into an open and clear view of things, disciplined to a better knowledge of our situation and informed more thoroughly as to our capacity and power. The lesson will have been none too costly if we do but apply it to its wisest use.

THE LESSON OF THE YEAR.

Hard times are not without their use, and he who would be wise will study well the lesson of the day and meet the occasion with suitable determination and well directed effort.

One of the most evident lessons of the day is, that it don't pay to produce inferior goods of any kind. There was a time when carelessly made butter from which the buttermilk was only half worked, and put up in all sorts of packages, from an old soap or raisin box to a nail keg, would sell at a remunerative price; the manufacture of oleomargarine has driven interior butter to the wall, and there is no longer any profit in producing anything but a good article; a first class brand of butter which has earned a name for being uniformly reliable, and is uniformly put up in attractive packages to suit the trade, still commands paying prices.

It is just so with a dozen articles we might mention; we don't hear Mr. Burnett grumble about the price of pork or butter. He is above the fluctuations of a market; and although it would be impracticable for many farmers to imitate his methods in full, there is much in his way of doing things that is worth copying by everybody who raises produce for market.

Let every farmer determine for himself what he is sure he can do and do it *well*, so well as to defy competition; if it be butter or eggs or cheese or pork or beef, or whatever best suits his circumstances, let him devote himself only to what he is sure of producing in perfection and there is very little doubt that, if he is possessed of ordinary shrewdness in disposing of his wares, he will find his account in thoroughness and careful attention to details apparently trifling to a careless observer.

Another consideration forced upon us by the times is economy. It is very true that farmers as a class are economical and self-sacrificing. But many are hardly aware as yet of the very low prices of many things they have to buy as well as to sell. The chief article the farmer has to buy is labor; it is low to be sure, but we think is quite likely to be lower in the future. The farm hand here receives for his services more than in any European country, and buys what clothing he needs quite as cheaply as he can abroad; he is better paid and can lay up more at the end of the year here than in any other civilized country. This is because our vacant land still pays a good profit for all the labor expended by the settler and absorbs the surplus labor of the country presenting a decline in the price. Immigration from all the European countries is now progressing so very rapidly that it is working slowly an equalization of prices the world over, and we, therefore expect that the American farmer will, in future, be able to employ the help he needs at lower wages than in the past, and that by help of improved methods and machinery, will be able to continue to hold the control of European trade in the great staples of produce, and to do it with profit to himself, as well as with honor to his country.

AN INTERNATIONAL FISH SHOW.

The *Philadelphia Ledger* says: "Visitors at the Centennial Exhibition who took particular note of the exhibits in Agricultural Hall of the fish products and fishing implements and apparatus of the Scandinavian nations, will readily understand how an interesting exhibition can be made of the products of the sea and inland fisheries, such as is to be held at Berlin in April, 1880. Mr. R. B. Roosevelt thinks that the United States should send exhibits there, and in some departments this country could doubtless carry off the honors, though Norway, Sweden and Denmark are far in advance of us in variety of methods of preserving fish. American oysters are unexcelled, and large quantities are exported to England with profit. Canned salmon and lobsters are also American products that would command attention, and, perhaps, secure purchasers in Europe. They are asking for these in France already. The element of cost is always an important one in international exhibitions of any kind, and, with that taken into consideration, the Americans make a startling exhibit of mackerel and cod caught in Canadian waters under the recent award of the Halifax commission. No more costly fish are to be found in the world, probably, than those that American fishermen capture in Canadian waters, if we apportion to each fish its due proportion of the $5,500,000 the Dominion provinces got from the United States."

THAT AMERICAN WHEAT FOR BARCELONA.

The inquiry for tonnage to move the cargo of wheat, probably Michigan white, mentioned in the Washington press despatches published recently, as having been received at Barcelona, was made in this city from Chicago parties the first week in November, but no available steamer being here at that time, the shipment was made from New York. This lot went thither largely as a result of the experience with the first American cargo to Marsel les, France, which paid a profit, the short crop along the Black sea having made it possible to hit here and there a new Mediterranean port where an American wheat consignment would pay to venture. Fifteen per cent of the fleet of Italian vessels bound to Boston, and noted in our ocean freight reports three weeks since, are likely to be chartered for ports where only Black-sea wheat has heretofore been used. This probable consumption of American grain abroad is the basis of the wheat corner at the West. Of course the business depression in Great Britain curtails the demand which had been counted upon from that country, hence the ambition to try more distant and less familiar markets. The surprise of the people abroad at the excellence of our agricultural products is marked. Our cattle, wheat, corn and apples are grand educators, and, in the words of one of New England's most prominent transportation magnates, "The Old World has been awakened to the glories of the New."

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

REPORT OF THE SENATE SUB-COMMITTEE—IMPORTANT RECOMMENDATIONS.

Washington, Dec. 31.—Senators Patterson, Garland and Grover, who, in behalf of the Senate Committee on Territories, have conducted the inquiry into the condition of affairs in the Indian Territory by taking testimony in Washington last session and in that Territory during the recess of Congress, will be ready next week to report to the full committee. They have agreed to recommend the enactment of legislation by Congress, first, for the establishment of a United States Court in the Indian Territory, to possess both criminal and civil jurisdiction; second, that all Indians comprising the "Five Nations" shall be made citizens of the United States, amenable to federal laws and competent to serve on juries in the United States courts, etc.; third, that lands now held in common shall be divided and held in severalty, but inalienable for a limited term of years. The sub-committee do not at present recommend the establishment by Congress of a regular Territorial government for these Indians, but provide merely that they be entitled to representation by a delegate. The sub-committee will probably advise the insertion in the proposed bill of a proviso that the conditional land grants which various railroad companies desiring settlement of this Territory have announced themselves willing to relinquish, shall be formally relinquished. The recommendations of the sub-committee will probably be indorsed by a majority of the full committee, but the entire project of legislation is strenuously opposed by the authorized legal representatives of the five Indian nations.

— With the New Year the legislatures come in all over the country, and so do the good resolutions.

A Cold Spell.—Taken altogether it may be said that the latter half of December has been a decidedly "snug" spell of weather. People have bundled up closely in their woolens and furs, and come out in complete winter toggery. Outside of New England, and even in its western section, there have been extremely heavy falls of snow, sufficient to obstruct travel and transportation in central and western New York, and throwing the railroad arrangements into confusion. But in the central and eastern portions of New England there has been no snowfall whatever, if we except a fruitless effort of the elements a week ago to do something towards making a coverlid for the ground. The atmosphere, however, has been very bracing, if not biting, so that the realization of winter weather has been universal. It came at just the right time for the holiday season, to which it helped to impart life and activity.

The Ice Crop.—Owing to the steady succession of cold days for two weeks and more past, the prospects for an ice harvest are excellent, and the spirits of the ice men go up correspondingly. The first part of the winter was so open, and even bland, that it became a common remark that at that rate the ice supplies for the coming summer would be alarmingly short, but the marked barometric change has wrought a corresponding change in the general opinion, and in addition to the favorable freezing weather the ice men at least have had cause to congratulate themselves on the holding off of snow. The large pond of the Boston Ice Company at Chelmsford is at present covered with ice ten inches thick, and the condition of the smaller ponds in Woburn and Wakefield are in good condition. On Fresh and Spy Ponds the ice is five or six inches thick. Hittinger's and the Russells' ponds have ice from eight to ten inches thick. Unless there is a relaxation in the weather the ice will in a very great measure be housed during the coming week.

American Merchants in Mexico.—A company of two or three hundred business men of the United States, principally from Chicago, has organized for a visit to the Mexican capital by way of Vera Cruz, for the purpose of personally investigating the commercial condition and resources of that country, with a view to bringing about a system of closer trade relations between that country and this. They are to be publicly received by a delegation of Mexican citizens, and escorted from Vera Cruz to the capital with due marks of respect, stopping by the way at stated points to view the features which are of the greatest interest. Their entertainment is to occupy at least three weeks, during which time every institution that is peculiar to the capital will be exhibited to them. Minister Foster will take a hand in the ceremonies, and altogether this highly original method of coming into trade relations with our neighbor promises to be one of the events of the current time.

Small Pox in Brazil.—A report of a most extraordinary character has come from one of the northern provinces of Brazil, to the effect that small pox has broken out with intense virulence among the population, and is absolutely threatening its extermination. In the capital city of the province in question, which contains some twenty thousand inhabitants, the death-rate was at the astounding mark of six hundred daily. At that rate it would not take long to put a city of that size out of existence. Such virulence even for this loathsome disease is something without precedent in modern times among a people styled civilized. Appeals were making throughout the entire province for assistance. It could not well be otherwise than that they would reach the hearts of the whole outside world, which must hasten with relief and sympathy. It is a sudden calamity that overtakes a wide-spread community and prostrates it before it can organize even the show of resistance.

A New Proposal—It is proposed to Russia and Great Britain that they discontinue their struggle for the mastery of certain provinces in Central Asia and make up their differences by coming together on a common dividing line. There is really no more reason why they should not thus get along peaceably than Germany and Austria do in Europe. Countries in Asia like Afghanistan, governed by petty rulers, are only nesting places for insurrectionary hordes who are responsible for their conduct to nobody. Russia has within a few years expressed the wish that Great Britain would take possession of Afghanistan, which would put things in the right attitude and enable Russia to know what and who to depend upon. So that, if such is the case, the capture of Afghanistan by the British will not amount to much more than merely taking what no apponent covets or has any idea of trying to appropriate.

Growth of Our Commerce.—It is conceded on all sides that we open a new year in Boston under the most favorable omens. We have come to hard pan in prices for all commodities, while merchants who now lay in stocks of goods are sure of their advance rather than their further shrinkage. The connection of the Hoosac Tunnel line with the West by the Erie Railroad promises to increase the volume of our export trade immensely, and this is expected to be accomplished at once. Then in the Spring the New York and New England Railroad will push on to the Hudson River, over which a bridge is now constructing at Poughkeepsie, and at which point direct connection by rail will be had with the coal regions, Philadelphia, and a whole line of populous commercial cities to the Mississippi. The lines are to be filled as rapidly as possible, and ocean steamers are to increase to correspond with the new demands.

A Farmer's Convention is announced to be held at Concord, N. H., Jan. 7th and 8th, 1879, under the auspices of the New Hampshire Board of Agriculture. Prof. Atwater of Connecticut, Bishop Niles of Concord, Prof. Patterson of Hanover, and others will speak.

THE LATE GEORGE C. RAND.

At a special meeting of the board of directors of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, held December 30, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, God has removed from us by death our highly esteemed associate George C. Rand, Esq., a director of this company, it is hereby

Resolved, That in the death of our brother director we sustain the loss of a true friend, a wise and discreet adviser, a man upright and conscientious citizen; one who, by his energy and ability, had contributed largely to the success of this company as well as to the business interests of this city; and

Resolved, That we ever hold him in affectionate remembrance as one who was faithful in all the relations of life; who has set an example of patience and endurance under peculiar bodily suffering, and who has endeared himself to us by long association at this board, and by his qualities of mind and heart.

Resolved, That we tender to his family our sincere sympathy, with the assurance that we share with them most deeply in their sense of loss under this sad bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the *Daily Advertiser*.

A true copy—

Attest: J. P. CARPENTER, Secretary.

THE WESTERN PRODUCE TRADE.

Chicago, Dec. 31st.—The aggregate produce and provision business in Chicago for the past year was unprecedented in nearly every article. The receipts for the preceding year were as follows: Flour, 2,691,600 barrels; wheat, 14,000,000 bushels; corn, 40,000,000 bushels; oats, 15,000,000 bushels; hogs, 4,025,000. The clearings of the associated banks, however, were $77,500,000 less in 1878 than in 1877.

Milwaukee, Wis. Dec. 31st.—A review of the produce trade of Milwaukee for 1878 shows a considerable increase in the receipts of wheat, flour and coarse grains over the two preceding years. The receipts of wheat were 21,900,000 bushels; flour, 1,000,000 barrels; shipments of flour, 2,620,000 barrels. The receipts of live hogs were nearly double, and those of cattle a third larger than last year. The receipts of cheese reached an enormous aggregate—13,263,000 pounds,—an increase of nearly 5,000,000 pounds over 1877.

CAPE COD'S FUTURE.

[From the Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot.]

The people of Cape Cod are undoubtedly having as hard a time to sustain themselves under the pressure of loses and failures as any people anywhere in our country, except where disease has prevailed in the south. But our condition is not nearly as bad as what is reported to be that of the manufacturing districts of England. Compared with the people there, we are fortunate and comfortable. The failure of the insurance company at Wellfleet has added another heavy burden to a portion of our county which had already borne great loss in the fisheries. Notwithstanding all these things, we believe that our people can do no better than to "stay by the stuff." We urge them not to think of abandoning any of their natural and favorite fields of enterprise, but of our traditional industries. These have furnished remunerative occupations in former times, and will again prosper and pay. We have heard of a former generation of men of the terrible depression to Cape Cod enterprises from the Embargo, and during the war of 1812. Things were much worse here then than now. The tide of business and employment ebbed much lower than it has at any time since. Our fathers remained here because there was no easy way to go away, and Cape Cod has had half a century and more of prosperity since that time. Commerce must revive, and the fisheries will again be remunerative. Any man who pulls up stakes now and goes away makes a mistake. Come what will, he can live cheaper here at home than he can anywhere else. If the depression is to be greater and the pinching harder, it can be borne better on the whole here than anywhere else. We advise every one who is discouraged and almost disheartened to stick. Stay at home and turn everything to the best advantage, and stand ready to catch the first indications of improvement. Cape Cod needs all its men to remain, and Cape Cod can do better for them than any new and untried locality.

READ AND RUN.

— Some fifty-two thousand persons ascended to the State House cupola during the past year, the same being open about one hundred and seventy-five days.

— A through bill of lading from the West to Europe brings producer and consumer nearer together, and cheapens the cost of furnishing the Old World with the products of the New.

— Gen. Burt says the Hoosac Tunnel line is now ready to furnish its proportion of the money necessary to build the grand junction four-track road of fifteen miles from Weston to the South Boston flats, to be met by all the Western roads.

— The world's work for the past year has been considerable, and a good many things have been thoroughly prepared for.

— Anna Dickinson resumes lecturing, but accompanies the fact with the announcement that she has not abandoned the theatrical calling.

— Henry Ward Beecher recently announced to his church that he was through with lecturing.

— The Constitutional Convention of California makes a very vivid and impressive protest to Congress against further Chinese immigration. The continued famine in a populous northern province of China renders an outpouring of immigrants imminent.

— Cincinnati took its present name January 1st, 1790.

— The critics don't like the position in which the new Sumner statue is placed.

— The exhibition of the Siege of Paris, which has been in the city for some three months, is to go hence to California.

— Another ocean cable is to be laid, from France to New York.

— An officer and one of the crew of the foundered steamer Emily B. Souder, from New York for Jamaica, were picked up on a life-raft and carried into Kingston. The schooner that rescued them sailed from Boston.

— In consequence of the reduction of the railway postal service, some hundred and forty clerks were thrown out of employment.

— Neither Senator Thurman nor Secretary Sherman will consent to stand as candidate for Governor in Ohio.

— The manufactory of the Emerson Piano Company was burned to the ground in this city, on Saturday night last.

— The print works of the Cocheco Manufacturing Company, at Dover, N. H., were badly damaged by fire last Saturday morning.

— A great many men would like to go out to Mexico as Consul-General.

— The price of potatoes is falling in Maine, owing to various reasons.

— Mr. Beecher said in his last Sunday's sermon that the policy of the Government toward the Indians was "the most ignominious ever witnessed by a liberty-loving people."

— Rev. Mr. Pentecost has begun a series of revival meetings in Providence, where it is hoped he will have as good success as he had at Fall River.

— A new steamship line is projected between Halifax and Havana.

— Lumbering operations have begun on the Kennebec River.

— The wallet dropped in the street by a New York bank messenger, and which contained $200,000, was returned through the mail minus seven thousand dollars and a little more.

— The coal combination having broken down, it is expected that the different mines will now mine all the coal they can.

— The Halifax Chamber of Commerce wants our Government to take off the duty on lobster cans, on the ground that it is an infringement of the Washington treaty.

— The cotton trade in England is reported as heavily depressed at the present time.

— Now that the freezing up of the streams ends the term of rowing-matches, the rage has set in for walking matches.

— A Chelsea Justice of the Peace, who is just twenty-one years old, has been fined twenty dollars for false arrest and imprisonment.

— The City employees, officials and all, received their pay in gold on Wednesday and Thursday.

— "Old Abe," the famous Wisconsin war eagle, has taken up his quarters in the Old South

— Movements continue for bringing about a general encampment of Massachusetts veterans on the State camp-ground at Framingham.

— Four of the railroads out of Boston have agreed to discontinue the practice of furnishing free passes to members and officers of the Legislature.

— Attorney General Devens was in the city on Saturday, and called on Judge Lowell at the United States Court House, besides going to the Museum in the afternoon.

— Within six months past, over one-half the stock in the new Boston Cooperative Store has been taken up.

— The ministers did not forget to enforce the obvious lessons, last Sunday, which accompany the ending of the year.

— The last was the coldest Christmas we have had in a great many years.

— The severe cold and heavy snows of last week caused a blockade to transportation from the Hudson to the Mississippi.

— Gen. Banks's name, it is said, has at no time been seriously considered in connexion with the Berlin mission.

— It is not thought that the Army re-organization bill, as reported, will pass at the present session of Congress.

— Boston has added still another tragedy, and a double one, to its lengthening list.

— They called it, out at St. Louis, the most severe weather known there for twenty years.

— Dr. Schliemann's discoveries of the relics and memorials of ancient Ilium continue. He has recently unearthed some very valuable articles, which go to make good the gaps in ancient history.

— The entire German railway system rests on a war basis, the officers being laid and run with a military rather than a mercantile view.

— The town of Hartford releases its title to the old State House and grounds to the City, for the consideration of one dollar.

— Portugal is at present constructing what is called the most important railway in Europe. It is one hundred and twenty-five miles in length, and is an important link in the line connecting Lisbon with Paris.

— A lieutenant-general in the late Southern Confederacy has just been compelled to leave South Carolina in quest of some kind of occupation for a living.

— The electric light is to be tried on a large scale at the London General Post Office.

— Southeastern France is full of rose farms. A single acre will yield some two thousand dollars in money.

— The ice companies are all ready to proceed with cutting, and are feeling good at the prospect.

— The new diaries and calendars are all out and in use by this time.

— Suicides are become so very common that it is the habit now to ascribe them to cowardice rather than to courage.

— A beggar was found dead and frozen stiff on the sidewalk in Brooklyn, on Christmas morning, who had about a thousand dollars to his credit in the savings bank. He would rather hoard the money which was given him than spend it for food and clothing.

— Lerma, a Mexican insurrectionist, has been defeated, and eighty of his band were hanged.

— The steam yacht Jeanette, belonging to James Gordon Bennett, has arrived at San Francisco by the way of the Straits of Magellan. She is to fit out for the Polar regions, whither she will sail next June.

— The Ameer of Afghanistan, with plenty of treasure in his possession, is said to be on the way to St. Petersburg.

— A conflagration at Hong Kong on Christmas Day destroyed a large part of the city.

— A translation of Shakspeare into the Spanish is now in progress. There has never been one made.

— King killing appears to be a regular business all over Europe.

— Garibaldi tells his constituents in Rome that the first thing he would do would to be send home all the young soldiers of the peasantry to sow grain.

— Franklin County loses a valuable citizen in the death of D. O. Fisk, of Shelburne, who was a leading farmer and President of the Franklin County Agricultural Society.

— All England has been in mourning of late over the death of the Princess Alice, who was the favorite of the royal family.

VITALIZED PHOSPHATES.—A Brain and Nerve Food. The brain and nerves once shattered, a man becomes a burden to himself and to the world until relieved. Build up, vitalize, reinforce, by using Vitalized Phosphates. Physicians have prescribed 150,000 packages curing all nervous complaints, debility and sleeplessness. F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y. For sale by Druggists.

☞ We examined at Macullar, Williams & Parker's the other day some very stylish and serviceable suits, honestly made of honest materials, and noticed especially, too, a large assortment of pantaloons which were remarkable for strength and weight, as well as other good qualities. These same goods have since been marked down, and it is now safe to say that their equal could hardly be found at the price in this country. We call the particular attention of all desiring really first-class reliable clothes, to their advertisement.

☞ *Royal Lourie*; or, A general Misunderstanding, by Magnus Merriweather, is a pretty story, the fruits of a summer vacation, which will delight the juvenile portion of the community, and be long remembered by them. It is alive with healthy incident and character, and its conversational passages are fully the equal of its descriptions. No finer juvenile is out for the holiday season out of which we are just emerging. The boys and girls both will thank us for recommending Royal to their perusal. Published with illustrations by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ *Out of Darkness into Light* is another of the choice illustrated gift books of the season, made up of poems and drawings by Mary A. Lathbury. The frontispiece is of exquisite significance and beauty. The title itself will suggest the character of the contents, which are attractive in every sense—artistic, poetic, and mechanical. The scope of this sheaf of poems and sketches is wholly religious, perhaps melancholy in its general strain, but always soothing and comforting to the spirit that is seeking the better way and the higher life. It is published with exceptional elegance, in quarto form, by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ *The Story of English Literature* for Young Readers, from Chaucer to Cowper, by Lucy Cecil White, is a popular little review, done critically withal, of English Literature for the service of the younger class of readers; but it will do as good service for older ones. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and his Contemporries, Francis Bacon, John Milton and John Bunyan, John Dryden, Dr. Johnson, and Robert Burns are all separately and successively treated in easy and attractive style and with an instructive thoroughness. Such books are what our young people need, to give them a relish for that later reading which will serve them permanently in their after lives. Published with numerous illustrations by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ *Mason's Piano-Forte Technics* is a new music-book, setting forth a system of technical exercises for the piano-forte, including a new and complete treatment of scale and arpeggio forms. It also contains a school of touch, a new method of octave practise, an explanation of Mason's method of the rhythmatic treatment of exercises, and a plan of daily practise. The author is Wm. Mason, assisted by W. S. B. Mathews. The book is instruction-book size, and is for somewhat advanced scholars who have been through, or nearly through, an ordinary Method. To the exercises furnished are annexed short and sufficient directions for practice. Finely published for $2,50 by Ditson & Co.

☞ The *Popular Science Monthly* for January contains Traces of an Early Race in Japan Virchow and Evolution, Astronomical Magnitudes and Distances; Herbert Spencer before the English Copyright Commission; The Beginning of Nerves in the Animal Kingdom; Pope and Anti-Pope; Scientific Relation of Sociology to Biology; Black Diamonds; The Devil-Fish and its Relatives; Heredity; The Physical Functions of Leaves; Curari or Woorara Poison; Molecular Dynamics; Effects of Alcoholic Excess on Character; Sketch of Gustave Wallis; Correspondence and Editor's Table.

☞ The *Phrenological Journal* for January has a portrait and sketch of L. N. Fowler, the author and lecturer, with papers, original and selected, on Brain and Mind, The Study of Entomology, The Earl of Dufferin, Color in Kindness, The Hot Springs of Arkansas, and many other topics. His varied stock of Editorial Miscellany is always entertaining and instructive.

☞ We have at hand No. 3 of Volume Eight of the *Bulletin of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers*, founded Nov. 30, 1864. The Bulletin is ably edited by John L. Hayes, LL D., and its office is at No. 11 Pemberton Square, Boston.

☞ The *Scientific American Hand Book* is a little treatise relating to patents, caveats, designs, trade-marks, copyrights, labels, etc., and explains the entire method of obtaining a patent, with the aid of a series of fine illustrations. Published by Munn & Co., New York.

☞ *The Happy Year*, with Calendar, is a little brochure to accompany the New Year on its journey through the twelvemonth, and is very convenient to be carried even in a small pocket. D. Bothrop & Co. publish it.

☞ There are different opinions as to the value of carmal weapons as a means of grace, but that they are valuable for some purposes the vast majority of mankind are agreed. So let us call attention to the great big advertisement of the C. W. Turner & Ross "Alexis" Revolver, on the third page, and again remind our readers of the marvellous cheapness of the firearms sold by this enterprising firm.

LOVERING'S MONSTER BOOK SALE.

The enterprise, originality and energy displayed by Mr. A. W. Lovering, one of our oldest and best-known Boston booksellers, in the "grand book sale" which he inaugurated some months since, must be reaping th ir reward, if a constantly increasing rush of customers—culminating during the last few days in a perfect jam—sales far exceeding those of any other bookstore in town, and the universal gratulations of the thousands who have received valuable presents are any criterion. Mr. Lovering although a veteran in the book business, is much bolder and more progressive than his younger rivals, most of whom seem completely to stand idly by while he takes the bulk of the patronage of the public And yet he is considered very shrewd and cautious, a close manager and buyer by his business acquaintances here, who are very numerous, he having been a leading book seller for more than a quarter of a century. He has now on hand, even after the enormous sales of recent weeks, an immense assortment of books and valuable articles which he presents to buyers—he having made some very large purchases at as onishingly low rates, and is prepared to give all customers the benefit of his means, knowledge and enterprise. Of course everyone reads his advertisement in this paper, but some may not know Mr. Lovering personally or by reputation, and hence are not aware that his announcements are these of one of the oldest, most permanent and reliable of Boston booksellers, who has occupied his present place of business for many years, shows abundant testimony to prove that he makes his promises good. He has sold, during the past four months, as he estimates, nearly a half million books, and has a list of thousand customers who to whom he has given extra valuable gifts such as pianos, watches, rings, &c. He says that there is no hocus-pocus about it, and that he can readily explain how he can sell his books at so low a price and yet give buyers such valuable presents.

☞ The general talk is Dobbins' Electric Soap, (made by Cragin & Co., 144 State street, Boston) There never was a soap so highly and generally praised. It tells a story of its own merits, that cannot be contradicted. Try it.

AMERICAN WHEAT IN SPAIN.

The first cargo of American wheat ever received in Barcelona, Spain, arrived about the middle of November. Great interest was excited there by samples which were freely handled on the exchange, and it was immediately recognized as equal to Black Sea and Hungarian wheat. The cargo consisted of 72,000 bushels, and sold at 19 francs per 55 kilograms, or about $3 70 per 120 pounds. This cargo was brought in an English steamer, and the same vessel was chartered to bring another cargo from New York. One firm have engaged three English steamers to bring cargoes of American wheat to Barcelona, and it is thought that about 25 cargoes will arrive during the season, all in English steamers.

BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

Jan. 4, 1879, at 3 P. M.

As Corrected by Brewster, Basset & Co., No. 35 Congress Street.

	Bid.	Asked.
Water Power	13-16	1
Boston Land	2	2
Atch. & Topeka 1st, 7's	83½	
Do. Land grant 7's	100	
Do. 2d 7's	104½	104½
Do Land 6's		71
Eastern R. R., 5's	70½	71
Hartford & Erie 7's	32½	33
Union Pacific 6's	104½	105
" Land grant	—	
" S. Fund 6's	105	106½
Atchison & Topeka R. R.	83½	84
Boston & Albany R. R.	128	129
Boston & Maine R. R	106	108
Burlington & Miss. in Neb.	110	111
Chi. Bur. & Quincy R. R.	109	109½
Cin. San. & Cleveland		2
Eastern R. R.	12	15
Michigan Central R. R.	73	74
Old Colony R. R.	97	
Pitt. Wilm. & Baltimore	64	65
Ogdensburgh & L. Champ	12½	13
Calumet & Hecla	174	174
Quincy	131	134

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

	Bid.	Asked.
Gold	100	—
1881's	106½	
5-20's 1865, July		103½
5-20's 1867, July	102½	102½
5-20's 1868, July	103	103½
Ten-Forties	106	106½
New-Five's	106	107
Currency, 6's	119	119½
4½'s Coupon	104	105
4's Reg.	104	105
4's Coupon	99½	99½
6's Reg.	99	99½

INVESTMENTS.

United States Bonds, various issues,

Coupon and Registered. **City and Town Bonds,** issued for strictly Municipal purposes. For sale by

BREWSTER, BASSET & CO.,
Bankers, 35 Congress Street.

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

[New York Herald.]

At the very outset of the present year the world of science was assembled on the judgestand, counting seconds in the race between Pictet and Cailletet for liquefying the last of the gases, and thus experimentally proving the unity of nature and the continuity between the solid, liquid and gaseous domains. Cailletet had scored the first round by liquefying oxygen and carbonic oxide as early as Dec. 2, 1877; but, being then a candidate for election to a seat in the Academy of Sciences, he magnanimously refrained from announcing his success, and consigned the account of his discovery to a sealed packet, which was opened at the academic session of Dec. 24. Strange to relate, M. Raoul Pictet of Geneva announced by letter at that meeting the same result achieved by entirely different processes. Scarcely had the wondering savans found time to announce to the public this double triumph, when M. Cailletet, on the last day of the year, accomplished the liquefaction of hydrogen, nitrogen and atmospheric air and, pressing closely upon him, M. Pictet swept to the goal January 11, definitely establishing the sequence of the "constants of nature" by the solidification of hydrogen. It was found to be a metal, thereby brilliantly justifying the conclusion first reached forty years ago by the veteran chemist, J. B. Dumas, who had the honor, as president of a leading scientific society, to receive the first telegraphic announcement from M. Pictet, and to make known to his associates at Paris this grand discovery on the very day it was made at Geneva.

Results such as these would suffice to make the year 1878 forever memorable in the annals of science, but only the first part had yet been written. In the same month of December, 1877, when Cailletet and Pictet were winning their first laurels in Paris and Geneva, Thomas Alva Edison rode into New York one morning from Menlo Park with a queer brass cylinder under his arm, and astonished our neighbors of the *Scientific American* by a brand new marvel, the phonograph that "Mary had a little lamb." The phonograph had sprung, unheralded, upon the world, and so incredible was the scientific fact thus revealed that several weeks elapsed before it was generally credited. Although the full-fledged discovery of the phonograph pertains to 1877, the whole of its development and its world-wide renown belong to 1878, and it is assuredly not the least of its many titles to perpetual remembrance that "the Wizard of Menlo Park" then first assumed a recognized position as a factor in our coming civilization. Of Edison's manifold other and curious inventions—the megaphone, the phonomotor, and the aerophone—we have no need now to speak, though in other times they would rank high among the curiosities of science. But there are three other achievements of his genius which distinctly call for mention among the wonders of the year—the improved carbon telephone, the tasimeter and the electric lamp. Other workers have recently inscribed their names upon Fame's eternal bead-roll with similar titles, but it would be unjust not to recognize the great merit of our countryman Professor Hughes in the discovery of the microphone, of Professor Graham Bell in perfecting his telephone, Mr. Stearns in "duplexing" the Atlantic cable, of Professor Alfred M. Mayer in his illustrations of the atomic theory by floating magnets, of Mr. D Hooker and Paul Bert in their discoveries in vegetable chemistry, of Count du Moncel in his ingenious development of the phonograph into *conducteur chaniant*, of Lewis Swift and Professor Wat

OBITUARY.

ONSLOW STEARNS.

The Hon. Onslow Stearns, ex-governor of New Hampshire, died Sunday evening Dec. 29, at 8.30 o'clock at his residence in Concord, N. H., of Bright's disease. He had been suffering from the disease for a long time, and a week ago last Wednesday had an acute attack, which confined him to his bed till the time of his death. Mr. Stearns was born in Billerica, Mass., in 1811. He was the son of John Stearns, who served in the French war, and was subsequently elected a representative and senator in the State legislature. His father was a farmer, having five sons and one daughter, Onslow being the second son; the sister and two brothers survive him. The experience of the older brother, John O., in contracting in building roads, first about home and afterwards on railways in Pennsylvania, Virginia and New Jersey, gave Onslow an ambition for like ventures, and when eighteen he entered John O.'s employ as a section boss. When the contract for building the early link in the Boston and Maine from Winchester to Andover was offered Onslow secured it; finishing this, he went, in 1828 the Nashua and Lowell, this, he went, in 1828 the Nashua and Lowell, and was afterwards chosen accent or superintendent of the corporation. In 1845 to '48 he built as agent for the corporation the northern road, running from Concord to White River Junction, continuing as its superintendent until 1851, when he was chosen president, which position he continued to hold until his death. He was also president of the Concord road and a director in various railways, banks and manufacturing concerns.

In July 1856, when the stockholders of the Fall River roads brought their quarrel with President Holmes to a focus, Mr. Stearns, after much negotiation, was induced to accept the position, Mr. Holmes had been in power sixteen years, and Mr. Stearns's management brought with rapid and radical changes that criticism of his predecessor was prevented by the successive astonishments at his manœuvres. He retained the presidency until 1877, resigning on account of ill-health. His aim was to consolidate and control all the roads and the avenues likely to be opened in the Cape district, in which he was successful, bringing the Old Colony property, as it was incorporated under his regime, to a profitable basis. When the Northern Railway was under way, Mr. Stearns's success in evading the New Hampshire law, refusing the right of way to corporations, attracted towards himself much political power. Parties who refused to sell their land to the coming railway found the State land seized it by right of eminent domain, and then perpetually taxed it to the railway. He had no special political ambition until the defeat of his friends in the gubernatorial contest in 1875 by Harriman. At this time two years' successful service in the legislature in 1854-5 were the basis for an aggressive movement which resulted in the next year, 1869, of his having the wild amounts nomination and being elected governor the following year. His last known as governor by his re-election of the same debt nearly $800,000, and making the increase a source of new revenue from a heavy loss. His statement in 1870, that the railways of New Hampshire cost twenty millions and but only fifty-five per cent of the cost reimbursed is probably well remembered by those from the occasion it then created.

Governor Stearns married Miss Holbrook of Nashua. His wife survives him, as also his only son and daughter. Mr. Stearns was a self-educated, an indomitable spirit, not very much self-educated, an indomitable worker, and very resting until the project he had in hand was completed. He was a very companionable man, and his intimate associates he would select could give his judgment upon their sciences, by rarely accompanied by the reasons which led to his opinions. The race of New Hampshire, with which he was identified, will miss his counsel.

He was enthusiastic Unitarian, liberal in his views, and not withholding his means. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but a wonderfully retentive memory, and a kindly heart. He was wealthy in his investments for and wide. He will be assured that his estate will be found to be in excellent condition when he disposed of his securities.

There are many incidents regarding ex-Governor Stearns illustrating his peculiar traits. Early one morning, when walking up the track of the Concord road, he came across a party of Irishmen at work. Approaching, he asked why they waited. They replied, "The boss isn't here yet." The governor taking off his coat, said, "Boys, a-here, men, it's time to be at work; put your coat and go to work; the men recognizing his power started. That day the boss appeared at the governor's house, but before he could flog a word the governor said, "If you want to work on the road you have men; can't have a boss who can't be one of his gang; just try it again and look out."

While President of the Concord road one of the section men approached him in a way-station in Wayne. Instantly, with that strong emphasis of impatience which was his whole out: "Look here, I saw you at Bright's about two weeks past) "hanging around," staring at the train. We don't hire men to do that. Go get your pay." A similar address in the main was given work by the Old Colony line, and addressing his employees; he had made his business, and to look after his business, and to look after it, and not spoil its effect. Governor Stearns had a way of calling upon his officers for upon what at most he could reserved within a specific time, and if they had not delibertely put that desired matter would take about an hour and another of the official to get the information communicated why he had wanted it, so that the work was always a mystery. It is stated that he once employed a man for very important work, after the following interview for dismissal: "Mr. Stearns, I have got any position in railway construction, but Mr. Stearns had doubts as to what he would obey orders. So, handing the man a shovel and pick he said, pointing to a deep hole, "Go down there and throw out that last scoop was desired. The man dug it; reported the fact; Mr. Stearns accurately measured, and pronounced it correct, and further, to the digger ordered it to be filled and levelled off in haste. This was done by the astonished workman, when he was immediately sent to a distant part of the line in charge of another work. The governor had a strong aversion to profanity, and his disciplined many a man whom he caught indulging in it.

For ten years past the effect of the severe attacks of early days, as well as the then pressing demands, were noticeable, but the only complaint he has been known to make of illness, until quite recently, was when in accepting a second nomination for governor, and then only in an incidental way. He has been for some years a sufferer from chronic bronchitis, to the degree referred it to be filled and levelled off in haste. This was done by the astonished workman, when he was immediately sent to a distant part of the line in charge of another work. The governor had a strong aversion to profanity, and his disciplined many a man whom he caught indulging in it.

THE YELLOW FEVER COMMISSION.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 30.—The house and senate yellow fever commission met conjointly to-night. Mr. Eustis was elected chairman. The experts were invited to seats with the congressional committee. Senator Eustis (chairman) and Messrs. Lamar and Paddock, representatives Gibson and Hooker, Surgeon-General Woodworth, Drs. Green and Benn, and Colonel U. S. Harden were present. Surgeon-General Woodworth was called before the committee the result of the work accomplished by the yellow fever experts who investigated the subject during the year 1878.

Surgeon-General Woodworth submitted a report of the work of the commission at Memphis. A letter of instructions to the experts at Memphis was read. Dr. Woodworth also read copied some lines of inquiry to facilitate further investigation, in addition to those already followed. He said that the report was nearly ready for publication, and ready for publication by the end of the month. Mr. Hooker urged that it was highly important that the report be published in January

The Poet's Corner.

INTIMATIONS.

BY RICHARD REALF.

All around us lies the awful sacredness
Of babes and cradles, graves and hoary hairs,
Of youthful laughters and of manly cares,
Of moaning sighs and passionate caresses,
Of infinite ascensions of the soul,
And gnawing hungers of the heavy flesh,
Of cottage virtues, and the solemn roll
Of populous cities, thunder, and the fresh
Warm faith of childhood, sweet as mignonette
Among Doubt's bitter herbage, and the dear
Re-glimpses of the earlier stars that set
Down the blue skies of our lost wonder-sphere,
And all the consecrations and delights
Woven in the texture of the days and nights.

The daily miracle of life goes on
Within our chambers, at our household hearth,
In sober duties and in jocund mirths,
In all the unquiet hopes and fears that run
Out of our hearts along the edges of
The terrible abysses: in the calms
Of friendship, in the ecstacies of love,
In burial dirges and in marriage psalms;
In all the far, weird voices that we hear,
In all the mystic visions we behold,
In our soul's summers when the days are clear,
And in our winters when the nights are cold,
And in the subtle secrets of our breath,
And that Annunciation men call Death.

O Earth, thou hast not any wind that blows
Which is not music; every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Has something greater than itself, and bears
A living Word to every living thing.
Albeit it holds the Message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them; a spirit walks amid the grass,
Vague outlines of the Everlasting Thought
Melt in the mellow shadows as they pass,
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The tranquil sunset and the brooding hills.

Forever, through the world's material forms,
God shoots his immaterial. Nig t and day.
Apocalyptic intimations stray
Down the dark lanes of matter; viewless arms
Lean lovingly toward us from the sky.
There is a breathing marvel in the sea.
The sapphire foreheads of the mountains wear
A light within light which ensymbols the
Unutterable Beauty and Perfection
That with immeasurable striving, strives
Through bodied form and sensuous indirection,
To hint into our dull and hardened lives
Poor lives that cannot see nor hear aright,
His bodiless glories which are out of sight.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE LOST INDIAMAN.

An Original Story.

BY "CORPORAL SQUIB."

Author of "A Trip Southward," "Nautica Sketches," "Corporal Squib on the Farm," "David and I," etc.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XIV.

The remains of the turtle sufficed for breakfast, next morning, and as soon as the meal was finished they set off to erect a signal on the wall of the crater. Each one had as much as he could carry; for, owing to the difficult ascent, it was necessary to carry ropes, with which to draw the studding-sail-boom, that was to serve for a flag-staff, up the side of the cone. They had nothing better for a flag than some colored shirts. To make a flag of suitable size, they had sewed together first of these,—two of red and one of blue,—in a square, alternating the colors. Such a flag would attract attention, and that was all that would be required of it. "Very likely it is only a waste of material," the Captain said; "and yet, it may possibly bring us help."

Having come to the foot of the cone, the Captain remained behind while the others went part way up with one end of a strong line. When that had served a firm footing, they drew up the boom and other things to, which he had attached the line, he following and clearing it of obstructions on the way. Then they went forward again, and again in the same manner, until they reached the top.

Resting themselves for awhile, they looked around once more on the broad ocean, so solemnly grand, and so apparently void of everything having life, and it gave them the same feeling of unutterable loneliness that they had felt before. "It don't seem as though there were much chance of anybody's coming this way," said Creeler, "after all. But, of course, others will be looking for sandal wood, the same as we were."

"We will set our signal on the windward side," was all the reply the Captain made to this; "for the probability is that any vessel falling in with the island would come from that direction."

They were on the leeward side of the crater, therefore, when they had recovered their breath, they went around to the other side. With the masses of volcanic stone that were at hand, there was not much difficulty in fixing their signal staff firmly erect, and the queer-looking flag stood straight out in the breeze. "They won't see it now," said Creeler, "if they should happen to come straight on."

"Ships do not remain long stationary," said Nathan, "or sail always on one line."

"That's so, Mr. Woodman; that's so. But I wouldn't be afraid to bet a little something they'll never be able to make out what nation this flag belongs to."

"That's another matter," said Nathan. "But they'll understand, of course, that the island has been taken possession of."

"And like as not that will keep 'em away, I don't mind saying. I'll never see an Injun round on our side of the island. But we must take the chances, of course."

After walking quite around the crater, looking out seaward in every direction, they made their way back down its steep side, and then went towards the point where they had landed those goods. They followed the northern slope of the ridge, coming occasionally to gullies that ran down across it, some of which were rather difficult to cross, and in some of which there were scrubby growths of wood. It was the appearance of this wood from the top of the crater, that led the Captain to cross these gullies, instead of taking a smooth way by the shore. He hoped that in some of them might be found the timber they needed for the frame of the boat.

Nor was he disappointed. They came at last to a broader and deeper gully than any they had yet crossed, through which a little thread of water was making its way. In the bottom of this gully were several little clumps of wood of considerable size. The trunks of some of the trees were five or six inches through; although none of them could have been more than ten or twelve feet high. It was a gnarled and scrubby growth, but on that account all the more valuable to them, for it would afford all the bends, ribs and knees they would need for their boat.

They stopped some time to examine the wood and talk over the difficulties they would have to encounter in getting it home and fashioning it into the shapes required. It was at least four miles from the creek where they had landed, and they would have to carry every stick all that distance. On that account it would be better to hew each stick into the required shape and size there in the gully, so that its weight might be reduced as much as possible. But they could now calculate how large a boat to build, and on getting home they would settle on some definite plan, and then lay out their work. It was a great relief, indeed, to have found the wood, and they went forward to the point with more hopeful hearts than they had before had since landing on the island.

Everything at the point was just as they had left it; and that very fact added, if possible, to the lonely feeling that possessed them. "I wish we could have found something upset, or broken open," said Creeler, "for then it would seem as though somebody or something was here." And indeed they all felt as though any sign of animal life would make the island seem more cheerful.

It was high noon when they reached home, and again they found the heat very oppressive. In their travels about the island they had found no other place so warm as that grove; notwithstanding the shade which its trees afforded. Everywhere else they could feel more or less of the steady-blowing trade-wind, but there it was scarce felt at all. They noticed, too, that their casks and chests, wherever the sun struck them, were already beginning to shrivel and warp. "They must be protected from the sun," the Captain said, "and we must next rig some sort of covering for them."

So having rested and refreshed themselves, they went to work to get up a covering for their goods. With so much canvas and cordage, this was not a difficult matter. They stretched two sections of a hawser between convenient trees, so that they were about twenty feet apart, and a little higher than their heads, and over these they drew one of the ship's topsails; the sail being long enough, after they had set some light spars under the middle to give it a slope each way, to fall to the ground on both sides and turn in a few feet on the ground. Three of the bread-casks, set upon each side, held the bottom of the sail securely in place and helped to form the walls of the quickly constructed tent. Within it there was ample room for every thing that needed protection from the sun's rays, and it was not long until they had their chests of clothes, packages of provisions, and their tools arranged there in quite a homelike manner.

Being now so comfortably fixed, with a kitchen, attic, and store-room, and a signal for help flying on the hill, and knowing just what materials they had to depend on for building a boat, the rest of the day, so far as the Captain and Nathan were concerned, was given wholly to calculations. Creeler and Bloany contrived some little conveniences about the kitchen, and then got up the best supper their larder would afford. Indeed everything was now running smoothly.

The Captain's first calculation was as to how much covering—or how many streaks, suitable for covering a boat, those masts would afford. The labor of sawing them out had been duly considered, but they believed it could be accomplished with time, and, unless help should come, there was no other way in which they could ever escape. They had only common hand-saws to work with, but they had four of these in all, and two of them were slitting saws.

It would be necessary first to hew the masts down on two sides to a thickness that would admit of the use of the saws; and yet, to save all, this thickness must be the greatest possible that would admit of their use. They thought they might gradually work their way through ten inches; though that would be almost like making a needle of a crow-bar by rubbing it on a rock.

A measurement of the two largest masts showed that they would square 10 by 12 inches. They would therefore hew them down on two sides to a thickness of ten inches; then, laying them flat, divide each stick lengthways into three sections, which would require in all four cuts of the saw. They would then have six sticks, each four inches thick by ten inches wide, which, laying flat again, they would divide into streaks of suitable thickness for the boat. A breadth of four inches for these streaks would be better than more. The greatest labor would be in making those four cuts through the ten inches of thickness. After that, in the four inches, the labor would be comparatively light.

They estimated that those two masts alone would thus afford forty streaks, and as their length would exceed by several feet the length required for the boat, they would be all sufficient to cover it. Of course they could saw all the other material they would need out of the mizzen-mast and the other spars. Admitting that one man could only saw two feet in length in a day, on the ten-inch cuts, the labor of one man for sixty days would accomplish that part of the work; while, as at least two could be sawing at the same time, no more than thirty days would really be required. But they expected to get along much faster than that. Indeed, they believed that two men could saw out all the stuff they would need in six weeks.

They decided, however, that they would leave that part of the work until they had got out the frame of the boat and brought it home; though they would first get the masts up on to the bank and horse them up, all ready for hewing.

A boat of the size of an ordinary ship's launch, having a half-deck forward, was decided on as being one that they could most readily build. It would be but a small craft in which to venture across an almost untraversed sea for thousands of miles, but the possession of such a craft was to them then the very most that they dared to hope for. There were more difficulties in the way of building even that, than have yet been named. They had no fastenings, of any kind, and must therefore depend wholly on wooden pins. The labor of boring the holes and fitting so many pins, would add greatly to their labor. Besides, it would be impossible with those short saws to saw evenly, through such a thickness of timber as they would have to work upon. Their streaks would vary, both in breadth and thickness, and they would have to depend largely on oakum to make the seams of their boat tight. But as the tarred rigging which they had saved would afford all the oakum they would need, this was not so serious a matter as it might otherwise have been. Indeed, the difficulties that were before them would, under ordinary circumstances, have seemed almost insurmountable.

They did nothing more that day but talk this matter over, and, having had supper, they retired, as the sun went down into the western sea, to their attic. The change of temperature was delicious, and they sat long in front of their tent enjoying it. Their plans being at last perfected, it seemed as if they were more sure, now, of eventually reaching home than they had been before, and they were disposed to look at everything hopefully.

The nights, at that height, were most favorable to sleep, and they rose the next morning fully invigorated for the work before them. They now made Bloany their cook, steward and mullion, giving their own time wholly to what seemed to them—but not so to Bloany—more important matters. With the aid of tackles and an improvised derrick, they got those heavy masts out of the creek and horsed them up before breakfast. An hour or two after breakfast was given to put ing their tools in order; and then, having given Bloany full instructions about dinner, and particular charge not to go a fishing, but to pick sallum during all his spare time instead, the Captain and his mates left him and proceeded to the gully to spend the rest of the day in getting out timber.

Now Bloany rather loved to be by himself, as some other folks do, when they know there are other folks not too far off, and he seemed very well pleased with his own company after they were gone. Still, all his amusements were innocent enough. Of course he looked into the Captain's chest,—as it happened to be unlocked,—and also into Mr. Woodman's, and Creeler's. He seemed in deep meditation while examining the last, and more than once he muttered to himself, "I'd like to know. But, of course, he wouldn't tell me. It must have been somebody, anyhow, for 'taint likely I's asleep."

He shut down the lid of each chest with a sigh, after he had gone through it, and then looked all around for a moment, as if he feared that after all some one might have seen him. But whatever he may have thought of that mysterious voice, the dread of unseen eyes was not sufficient to hinder his investigations, and he went through each of the officers' chests very thoroughly. When he had closed the last lid, he said, regretfully, "Take 'em all together they'd make one mighty good kit. I'd like to have 'em all. But, of course, this won't do; I must be gettin' ready for dinner."

In pursuance of this last object he took the bucket and went towards the spring for water. His course led him to those masts that had just been horsed up, and over which the derrick was still standing, with the tackle suspended from it, the lower block being attached to a strap (seamen's *straps* are mostly made of ropes) that was around one of the masts. A turn had been taken with the fall of the tackle (which is the rope they haul on) through the same strap, to make all snug.

Bloany stopped by those masts, and sat down his bucket, and looked at them; and then he looked at the tackle. He did not seem to be at all pressed for time.

"I shouln't thought they'd hev left it this way," he said at last, loosening the fall and drawing it up a little tauter.

But instead of fastening the fall again, he held on to it, in thoughtful silence, and then, without saying anything, even to himself, he made a bowline with the slack end of it, just high enough to sit in, and sat down in it. Then he jogged himself leisurely back and forth, and looked musingly about, the swinging motion being very favorable to his meditative mood. He did not notice, however, that every time he swung back and forth, the mast started a little.

But it did, and Bloany was getting into a trap that he little thought of. Suddenly, as he was swinging, the mast began to roll, and before he had time to think, the ends of the sticks on which it was resting, that were nearest to him, flew up, and down went the mast to the other ends, a dozen feet or so, and with the impetus it had got, it rolled over the bank, plump back into the creek.

And where was Bloany now? Not gone for water, surely, for there stood his bucket on the ground. To use a vulgar phrase, he had "gone up."

"Oh dear!" came down in a plaintive voice; "Oh dear, I'm fixed!"

It was Bloany, sitting chock up to the derrick, the bowline being drawn so tight that it held him like a vise. He was dangling head downward when he gave the first plaintive cry: for had he held on to the rope with his hands they would have been caught by the tackle-block, and he had let quickly go. "Oh dear!" he said again; "I'm fixed! I'm fixed!"

He seemed to have a true realizing sense of his situation, and to be sorry enough that he had got there. It seemed to him as if he had been cut in two and his upper half hung up to dry; but as soon as he found that his legs were still attached to him, he began to kick—at airy nothing—and to struggle upwards with his hands. "Oh dear!" he said, as he finally clasped his arms around the strap that held the tackle, and sat up.

He sat up, but still it was impossible to help himself in the least. He was squeezed up against the tackle-block so tightly that he could only sit there, clasping the rope above it, and groan, "Oh dear! I'm fixed; I'm fixed!"

Take warning, all you who have dinner to get, and do not stop to play by the way.

CHAPTER XV.

Although the timber upon which the Captain and his mates were at work was small, it was so hard and tough that they made but slow progress. And then, too, the sun shone down into that little dell so fiercely that they had to stop in their work, at times, and go up on the bank to cool themselves. Descending to the northward, as the gully did, the sun, at that season of the year—it being the month of February—fell full into it with all its torrid fervor.

All they did that first day was to get out half-a-dozen sticks suitable for ribs. They might have kept at work longer, but feeling that it would be better not to exhaust themselves too much, they loaded themselves with these half dozen sticks, and leaving their tools behind them, set out for home. They said to themselves that Bloany would probably have dinner waiting; and that thought, as they trudged along, was a very comforting one. After all, some of these half-witted fellows make the best of cooks," said Creeler, "and Bloany seems to take to cooking naturally. I shouldn't wonder if he had something nice of his own invention to give us."

"I can't imagine what," said Nathan, "unless it should be a shell pie; for there don't seem to be much but shells for him to try his hand on. But I could almost eat a shell pie to-day. There's a feeling of genuine gomeness inside—a vacancy that ought to be filled, and the very first applicant that isn't too hard-faced will get the place."

They were cheerful in the thought that a dinner of some sort would be waiting them; but, as the reader knows, we are all liable to disappointments. It is well we cannot foresee our own disappointments; for if we could we should never enjoy much of the pleasurable anticipation that we do enjoy,—and, perhaps, have no disappointments.

So they trudged on cheerfully, till they were almost home; and then, in crossing a little hillock, they first saw Bloany, sitting where we left him, chock up under the derrick, clasping the strap that held the tackle. They all stopped in amazement.

"What in the name of Jehoshaphat is that fellow doing there?" exclaimed Creeler.

"It must be he's in trouble."

"He appears to be looking for us," said Nathan; and I rather think he is glad to see us."

There could be no doubt that he was in trouble of some kind, and, wondering what it could be, they hurried forward to him.

"What are you doing there, Bloany?" called the Captain when they came up.

"Nothin', sir," the poor fellow whined; "I wanter get down."

There was no need of asking how he got up, for that was evident enough now; but the Captain asked him how long he had been there.

"I dunno; most all day, I s'pose. I was goin' arter some water, and—and I stopped to fix the tackle."

"Well, you got it all right, Bloany," said Creeler; "but of course you've got dinner ready, too."

"I—I—hain't got the water yet."

"Hain't got the water! And dinner isn't ready, then? Come down here mighty quick!" and Creeler gave a jerk on the tackle fall, which still reached to the ground, causing Bloany to cry out with pain.

"Oh dear! Don't! I'm comin' in too! Mr. Creeler! I didn't mean to. I only sot the bucket down, cos the tackle needed fixin'. I didn't s'pose the blasted log was goin' ter roll off that way!"

The Captain here interfered to save Bloany from further pulling, and, cutting the strap that was around the mast, he let him gently down. He was not much injured, and the worst of it, for all but him, was, that they had to wait for dinner till they could get it themselves; and as the fire was almost out, that took considerable time.

Bloany, of course, did what he could to make amends for his misdemeanor. He was a little startled by Creeler not long after, however, when passing him while he was at his chest, by the sharp inquiry, "Who's been reading my Bible?"

"I dunno, sir," said Bloany, "It couldn't hev been me, for I can't read."

"I'll learn you to read, though, if you ever open this chest again! You've been rummaging here. That Bible hasn't been opened before since we left Salem. I've been very careful of it, because it's one my mother gave me, and I don't want you overhauling it. Just you steer wide of this chest, old fellow, or you'll have chain lightning after ye!"

"I hain't touched it," drawled Bloany, with an air of injured innocence.

"You lie!" was the brief reply, "But go along; the water's waitin' for you. Just steer clear of this chest hereafter, that's all."

The next day they brought down six sticks more from the timber-gully, as they called the place where they were at work, and each succeeding day during the week they brought the same number. Even at this rate, another week's work would give them about all the timber they would need. Bloony's experience had taught him to be more careful while they were away, and no other mishap had yet befallen him.

Now it was Sunday, and they rested. At least they discontinued their labor for that day. Of course they had their regular meals, and walked about the island. Creeler and Bloany also spent a part of the day in fishing.

Bloany was again in his element, and being with Creeler there was not much danger of his getting into trouble. They had very good luck, taking, in a short time, as many fish as they could both bring home. But they did not go directly home, for they found a sort of cavern in a ragged part of the cliff, which they stopped to look at. It ran back so far that they could not see the end of it, and, to Bloany at least, it looked very gloomy. "Do you 'spose there's anything ever lives in sech places?" he asked.

"Of course I do, Bloany. What d'you s'pose they're made for?"

"I dunno; but I shouldn't think anything would ever live in 'em."

"You don't know Robinson Crusoe, do ye? He lived in one forty years, and he said 'twas the best house he ever had. He didn't have to shingle it once; but he got uneasy, and dug clear through to t'other side, and spoilt it."

"Is that so?" asked Bloany, with a rather doubtful look. "I'd heard about Robinson Crusoe, and how he lived in a cave, but I didn't know as he ever dug out on't in that way."

Well, he did; and as soon as he got out the Indians took after him, and 'twasn't long till he wished himself back again. I tell ye, Bloany, a cave is a mighty good thing to have, sometimes. S'posing, now, there were Indians here,—you wouldn't mind getting in there, would ye, to get clear of 'em?"

"I dunno; but you don't 'spose there's anybody here but us, do ye?"

"Possibly there are *spirits* here. They say *spirits* live in caves sometimes;—and that reminds me of a dream I had last night."

"Did you dream about spirits, Mr. Creeler?"

"Aye. It *seemed* to be spirits, at all events. Somebody or something,—I rather expect *'twas* a spirit,—came and talked to me."

"D'ye remember what it said?"

"Every word. I shan't be likely to forget it right away."

"Was it about—anything in particular?"

"I should say it was, Bloany! It was about our getting away."

"Is that so? But you don't care to tell what 'twas, do ye?"

"I don't know but I *ought* to tell you. Bloany, for it concerned you as well as me, I concluded I'd let it all go for a dream, at first, but the more I think of it, the more I think I hadn't ought to. There's such a thing as being warned when you're asleep, you know, Bloany. If you could only have read that Bible when you're rummaging my chest, you'd have found that out."

"I can't read, Mr. Creeler; but I've heard how Joseph was warned, and run away from his wife and went down into Egypt. Like as not *'twas* a warnin' that you had; but I don't s'pose 'twas a warnin' about me, was it?" and the inquiry was made with some hesitation.

"Well, Bloany, it said that you needed looking after, but that the Lord had sent you to be a help to me here. The fact is, Bloany,—but I s'pose 'twasn't nothing but a dream after all. However, I'll tell you what it did say; and that was, that we four would never get away from this island together. Two of us would have to stay."

"Is that so? Have you told the Captain about it yet?"

"No, I shouldn't want to tell him, especially the rest it said."

"What was that, Mr. Creeler?"

"Well, of course you won't say anything about it, for it would only make the Captain feel bad, you know."

"That's so; I shouldn't wanter tell him."

"It said there'd be a chance for *two of us* to get away, and that it was the Lord's will that those two should be *you and I*. It wouldn't be safe for more than two, it said, to be in the boat."

"Is that so? I shouldn't wanter tell the Captain that, of course. Seems 'sif we might all get away, if the boat's large enough."

"That's what I thought, and that's what I said; but the spirit, or whatever it was, said there wouldn't be provisions enough for us all. I s'pose that's the reason."

"Like as not. It seems queer, don't it? But I guess 'twasn't nothin' but a dream. Of course there is spirits, though. It seemed jest 'sif 'twas a spirit when you was talkin' to *me*, 'tother mornin', Mr. Creeler."

"What morning, Bloany?"

"That mornin' I went a fishin'—don't you know?"

"Aye, Bloany, I know you went a fishing!" and Creeler broke into a laugh, evidently at the thought of what had happened to Bloany that morning. "You don't mean to say that the spirits came and talked to you there, do ye?"

"I s'posed 'twas you. Wasn't you up there?"

"Of course I was; didn't I help haul you up?"

"You's there before, wasn't ye?"

"Before what? What are you talking about, Bloany?"

"I dunno," said Bloany, in a changed and sobered tone; "but I thought you's there."

"Of course you heard something, then?"

"Seemed 'sif I did; but I 'spose 'twasn't nothin', arter all."

"I don't know about that, Bloany. It's possible there's spirits about this island. It's a queer sort of place, anyway. They'd be as likely to talk to you as to me, I s'pose."

"Is that so?" said Bloany, glancing timidly into the cave. "It's a queer place, that's a fact. I hope we *shall* all get away from it."

"So do I, Bloany; so do I; but warnings ain't to be slighted, you know. But then, if it *was* a warning, perhaps we'll get another one before the boat is done. If you should get one too, Bloany, I should think it meant something, sure. But we'll go home and make the chowder now, for it's getting to be most dinner time.

So the subject of spirits and warnings gave place to the more agreeable one of chowder, and by the middle of the afternoon they had a dish ready that might have tempted far more fastidious appetites than theirs.

The Captain and Nathan had walked together down to the point where their raft had been stranded, it being then bare, and had spent some time in collecting the beautiful shells that were so profusely strown about. "They will not take so much room but what we can very well carry away a few, when we leave the island," the Captain said, "and under the circumstances my family would be likely to prize them quite as highly as anything I ever yet took home to them."

"No doubt they would, Captain; no doubt they would; and though I have yet no family, I would like to carry home a few myself. I know one, at least, who would be delighted with them. The fact is, Captain, I am about as near being a married man as I can be and not be one;" and the words were followed by a deep sigh.

"I know, Nathan; I know; and I understand your feeling, for I have been through much the same experience myself. But, judging from the little I saw of her, she is worth waiting for. It's a hard life, though, that keeps us away from those we love so long. I think I shall give it up, after another voyage or two,—if they should give me another ship,—and settle down at home. I have five children, Nathan, and three of them are boys. They want to be farmers, all of them. Their grandfather, on their mother's side, was a farmer, and all his sons are farmers now. I think I'll settle down and be a farmer with them, after one or two voyages more. When you come to have a wife and five children, Nathan, you'll know what it is to want to be at home.

"Ah, Captain, my waiting is not to be compared with yours, after all. I thought I was about the most miserable of men when I came away, but the feelings of a husband and a father must, of course, be deeper than mine. I do hope, Captain Chandler, that you may yet spend many happy years with your family at home."

"That I may is my constant prayer. And yet it may be ordered otherwise. That is a great deal to hope for now, Nathan; a great deal to hope for as we are now situated. But I *shall* hope, and work for that end."

[To be continued.]

THE CHILDREN.

The children! ah, the children!
Your innocent, joyous ones;
Your daughters, with souls of sunshine;
Your buoyant and laughing sons.

Perchance you see by the hearth stone
Some Juno, stately and proud,
Or a Hebe, whose soft eyes ambushed,
Flash out from the golden cloud.

Of lavish and beautiful tresses
That, wantonly floating, stray
O'er the white of a throat and bosom
More fair than blossoms in May.

And perchance you mark their brothers—
Young heroes who spurn the sod
With the fervor of antique knighthood,
And the air of a Grecian god.

THE NEW HAND;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS SAILOR.

[N. Y. Sunday Times.]

I had been ashore on liberty at Valparaiso. Our ship, the "Endymion" of Nantucket, was nearly filled with spermaceti oil, and, as the crew had in prospect a good sway at the end of the voyage, there was little fear of desertion. That peril had been encountered earlier in the voyage, and several of the crew had made good their retreat, though vigorously hunted at the Islands and at Payti. The moon was up, and I was walking leisurely on the margin of wooded valleys back of the town, indulging in such reveries and glowing anticipations of the future as the moonbeams and shadows of foliage engender in the imaginations of those who are still too young to realize that "all is vanity."

At length I began to fancy that I was not alone. It seemed to me that I could perceive a dark body—which might be man or animal—moving stealthily among the trees and underwood at some distance below.

I came to a halt, not caring to be taken by surprise, and endeavored to penetrate the gloom, and ascertain whether I was followed or not; for I had heard many stories of robbery and assassinations in that neighborhood.

I had scarcely come to a stand when a voice came up from the deep, dark hollow, which sounded like "hullo!"

Owing to the multitudinous echoes which seemed to accompany the hail, it was impossible to determine whether the language was English or Cholar.

I had in my hand a stout cudgel, which I fancied might do me good service. I waited long for the appearance of the speaker, expecting to see him come crawling up from the thick umbrage of the valley; but I saw nothing till I was startled by a brisk slap on the shoulder, and as I turned to see who had so familiarly saluted me, my ears were greeted with a heavy laugh.

"Ha! ha! you are not so well acquainted with these dingies and mountain passes as I am," said the stranger. "I have come upon you unawares. If I had been a robber, I would have had you foul."

"And a precious little you would have got for your pains," replied I, feeling reassured by the gentlemanly appearance of my interlocutor, and by his mode of address.

"You belong to the 'Endymion'?" queried he.

"That you may be sure of. My shabby appearance——"

"Testifies that you are near the end of a long voyage. What usage do you have on board that ship?"

"I will only say," answered I, "that we are short handed, the best part of the crew having deserted. We shipped a few beach combers at Oahu, but they left long ago."

"All that implies that your men are dissatisfied with their treatment."

"I cannot deny the justness of your inference."

The young gentleman became thoughtful. I wondered at the interest which he took in the subject of our discourse. As we walked along toward the lights in the shops of Valparaiso, he became lost in his reflections. At last he seemed to remember that he was not alone, and, turning briskly toward me, he said:

"I take some interest in that ship of yours. When do you sail?"

I confessed my ignorance, but told the young man that it was not probable we would stay long, as port expenses were heavy, and the owners of whaleships were stingy fellows.

He turned again toward me, surveyed me closely, and I thought there was a queer smile on his visage.

"You think so, do you?" said he at last.

"I have always heard so."

"Well, I've not time to investigate the matter, as I turn off here, by the caloboose. Good-night."

We parted.

A few days after this event the captain of our ship brought on board a couple of men whom he had shipped for the remainder of the voyage. One of them wore a neat blue jacket and pants, the other looked as if he had slept, with his clothes on, among the shavings and sawdust of a carpenter's shop, or he might have been hidden in an oven like Catharine Alexowna before she became Empress of Russia.

As the plight of the latter was what might reasonably have been expected, I took no further notice of him than to perceive that he had a very large and crooked nose; but the spruce appearance of the former led to the suspicion that he was some officer of a merchantman who had quarreled with his captain and deserted. Our mates seemed to be of that opinion for they eyed him closely, and for several days treated him with more respect than is generally shown to a common sailor.

But, after we had put to sea an event occurred which shook their faith in his respectability. In the morning watch, just after daylight, a raft was discovered to leeward with some live object upon it. The captain was called, and, after examining it with his glass, he gave orders to port helm.

"There is a man there—from some wreck, likely enough," he said.

Accordingly we squared the yards and ran down to the raft. It proved to be a man wearing nothing but a ragged pair of canvas trousers and something that passed for a shirt—that is, fragments of green baize fluttering in the wind. He wore no hat, but his thickly matted hair answered all the purposes of one, except that he could not have lifted it in respectful salute to a mermaid if one had chanced to cross his prow. A few Mother Carey's chickens followed in his wake, and two albatrosses wheeled above his head as if half inclined to pounce upon him.

We had on board a sailmaker named Baldwin, who had belonged to the navy, and as soon as his eye fell upon the stranger he pronounced the name of "Mauley!"

The lone voyager was taken on board, and said that he had been cast away on a brig.

Baldwin smiled, and afterward told our second mate that this man Mauley was a noted beach-comber of Callao, whom no captain would ship, and who, having visited the frigate to which Baldwin belonged, had been ignominiously driven on shore, and forbidden ever again to set foot on board that vessel.

"He has a very bad name," added the sailmaker, "and is suspected of having murdered the carpenter of our frigate at Valparaiso."

In fact, the personal appearance of Mauley was much against him, and no one believed that he had been wrecked. It was thought that in putting to sea on his slight raft he had taken that desperate method to get on board some vessel.

"Keep an eye on him," said our captain to his first mate.

The mate did keep an eye on the desolate wretch, and soon detected him in close and confidential conversation with Johnson, the spruce seaman whom we had shipped just before leaving port. It was the mate's watch, while Johnson belonged to the watch of the second mate; yet Johnson had come on deck for the special purpose of speaking to Mauley.

The two men stood forward of the windlass, under the shadow of the foremast, apart from the rest of the watch, and conversed together in a low tone. The mate got so near to them as he could without being observed, but he caught only the words:

"Remember—this must be a dead secret between you and me."

It was but a year before that the terrible mutiny on board the ship "Globe" had taken place, and when the mate heard the words which I have quoted, he passed softly down into the cabin, and finding the captain awake, told him what he had overheard.

"That man, Johnson! Are you not mistaken?" demanded the captain. "Why Johnson seems quite a gentleman. Must have been somebody else."

"Yes, sir," replied the mate; "but what secret should anybody have with that Mauley, which all the crew keeps clear of in broad daylight? Whispering with him in the dark—that's the p'nt, sir. Baldwin swears that the feller's a murderer, sir."

"I'll have no plotting and whispering in the dark on board my ship!" cried the captain, suddenly and unaccountably breaking forth into a towering passion. "Now I recollect that this Johnson has once or twice shown a rebellious temper when Mr. Pease has ordered him to scrape topmasts or slush them down, or tar rigging; but I thought it was only because he'd never been used to such dirty work."

"If we don't look out he'll be engaged in dirtier work than slushing topmasts or tarring down rigging," said the mate.

"Cutting our throats, eh?"

"It's unaccountable, sir, this plotting, and having secrets with that Mauley; it's so much like the way that Smith says the mutiny begun aboard the Globe."

"That's true," answered the captain; "I've a great mind to put them both in irons."

"Mebby we'd better wait a little, and see," returned the mate; "and I'll keep a sharp look-out on both of 'em."

The captain was silent, but he shook his head threateningly, and the mate went on deck to stand out the remainder of his watch.

Before morning there was a "gale of wind." Sail was shortened, and we lay to, under close-reefed main-topsail and storm-staysail. But, in spite of wind or weather, the first mate was observed all day running bullets in the cook's caboose, greatly to the surprise of the crew, some of whom asked:

"Have there been any pirates heard of on this coast?"

In the meantime there was something about this Johnson, especially his voice, which reminded me of somebody I had seen before. I noticed that the Captain looked sharply at him, and observed all his movements attentively, as if he, also, had some recollections of him. I knew nothing of his conversation with Mauley, and the mate's surmises. All those matters were related to me afterward in a house "where a tin pot stands for an hour glass, and rum runs for sand."

Up to this time Johnson's ignorance of seamanship had been regarded with much leniency, and the mates had taken some pains to instruct him; but after his consultation with Mauley, under cover of the darkness, a suspicion was harbored by the Captain and mate that his awkwardness in handling a marline spike and rolling up a top-gallantsail was assumed, and that he pretended to be a green hand only to divert attention from his schemes.

Accordingly, when Johnson made a mistake, or bungled in the performance of any duty, the officers or the captain reprimanded him sharply. He showed suprise at this change in their deportment toward him, and at length he manifested feelings of resentment.

"I do the best I can, and I am only working my passage home," said i.e; "I expect no pay."

"Do you answer me back, you rascal?" cried the captain, who had overheard the words of Johnson, which were addressed to the mate. "Mr. Russell, can't you preserve better order among your men?"

"I am no rascal," said Johnson, throwing down the rope which he had been trying to splice, and confronting the captain.

Several of the crew—Mauley among them—were standing near Johnson at that moment, and all but Mauley turned pale. The latter looked steadfastly at the captain.

"You, too, I suppose," said the captain, between his teeth, and with a countenance turning pale and red by turns.

Mauley fell back, but Johnson smiled contemptuously at the captain's boiling wrath.

"Have you not heard," said the latter to Johnson, "that only a few months before you came on board I traced a hand up in the rigging and gave him two dozen lashes for only looking at me as you are doing now?"

"Never heard of it until now," answered Johnson, compressing his lips and shaking his head. "It is a usefnl piece of information."

"The man's a fool," said the captain, turning away. "Mr. Russell, put him in irons, and feed him on bread and water for the present."

Johnson submitted quietly to be handcuffed, and was fed on hard bread and water for several days, by which time we approached Cape Horn, and his services were needed in working the ship. He was set at liberty. His orderly conduct puzzled the officers, who began to be curious about his antecedents. He told them that he fell down from Jupiter at the same time with the great goddess Dianas, of the Ephesians.

"He's crazy," said the mates to each other.

Soon after, I hinted to him that I believed he was the same man whom I had seen one evening, in a far different rig, among the hills, in the rear of Valparaiso.

"What if you did? You don't know my name, I suppose?" demanded he, rather impatiently.

Nothing important occurred after we doubled the Cape until we reached the equinoctial line, when our captain knocked the cook down with a handspike for some offense.

"Captain Bunker, you'll be sorry for that, remarked Johnson, who was standing near at the time.

"I'll serve you the same way, you mutinous rascal!" cried the captain, with flashing eyes.

But he didn't. He ordered the mates to put Johnson in irons again, and to diet him as before.

We reached Nantucket, and anchored outside the bar on a fine afternoon in July. The anchor was scarcely down, when the owner of the "Endymion" stepped on board. Seeing Johnson sitting on the windlass, the merchant gave an exclamation of surprise, rushed towards him, and grasping his manacled hands, cried:

"Why, Edward, my son, what does this mean?"

"O, this is a trifle, father," replied the son of the owner, (known among us by the name of Johnson); "this is nothing compared with knocking down men with handspikes, seizing them up in the rigging and flogging them for looking at the captain, with many other pleasant performances of the like nature."

"It is true, then, what I have heard," said the merchant, turning to the captain who was at his side, and seemed bewildered by what he had seen and heard; "it is true, Captain Bunker that you are a cruel tyrant toward your crew."

"I—I—I did not know that this young gentleman was your son, sir," stammered the captain as he hastened to knock the irons from the wrists of the young man.

"He did not intend that you should know it," replied the owner; "you know, I presume, that a son of mine had been several years with a merchant of Valparaiso. This is he. When the time came for him to return home, I proposed to him, by letter, that he should work his passage in the Endymion, for I had heard strange stories about your cruelty to the crew; but other shipmasters and mates had assured me that those stories were false or exaggerated, and I was determined to investigate the facts. My son tells me that the sailors under your command had just cause for complaint."

Capt. Bunker murmured something about the necessity of maintaining discipline on board ship; but it was observed that the next time the "Endymion" put to sea, she had a new captain.

LOVE'S GALLOP.

She and I, years ago,
Took a ride;
Through the wind, through the snow,
Side by side!
Through the fog, through the fen—
Weary land!—
On we jogged, steady then,
Rein in hand.

She and I rode again—
Pleasant dream!—
Slacker hands on the rein
By a stream;
Never mist, never showers—
Why not sing!
Trotting fast through the flowers
Kissed by spring.

Through the moss, through the fern,
Through the heat—
'Neath the blue, by the burn,
Firm in seat—
Rosy-checked—"Life or death!"
Is our cry.
Galloped now out of breath,
She and I.

Faster still—cares behind
We outpaced—
On we rode, through the wind,
Till we raced
Side by side. Neither gains—
Why not die?
Still we held to the reins,
She and I.

Oh! the turf, how it rang
To our steeds,
As they raced and they sprang
O'er the meads!
Oh! the woods and their gold,
On the day
When the reins from our hold
Slipped away!

FAIR AGNES.

A ROMANTIC LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

The Chamber-Maid of Marblehead who Became a "Lady."

[R. H. Howard, in Springfield Republican.]

Sir Charles Henry Frankland, son of a former governor of Bengal, and descended from a family of England tracing its lineage backward to the Norman conquest, had visited America long previous to the war of the revolution, while holding the office of collector of his majesty's customs in Boston under the royal government of Massachusetts. Unhappily the gay manners and licentious principles of the young knight were better accommodated to the profligate circles of the Old World courts in which he had moved, than to the severe morality of Puritan New England society.

On some occasion in pursuit either of business or pleasure, it would appear that this nobleman chanced to visit the village of Marblehead, (some traditions say Gloucester) where,